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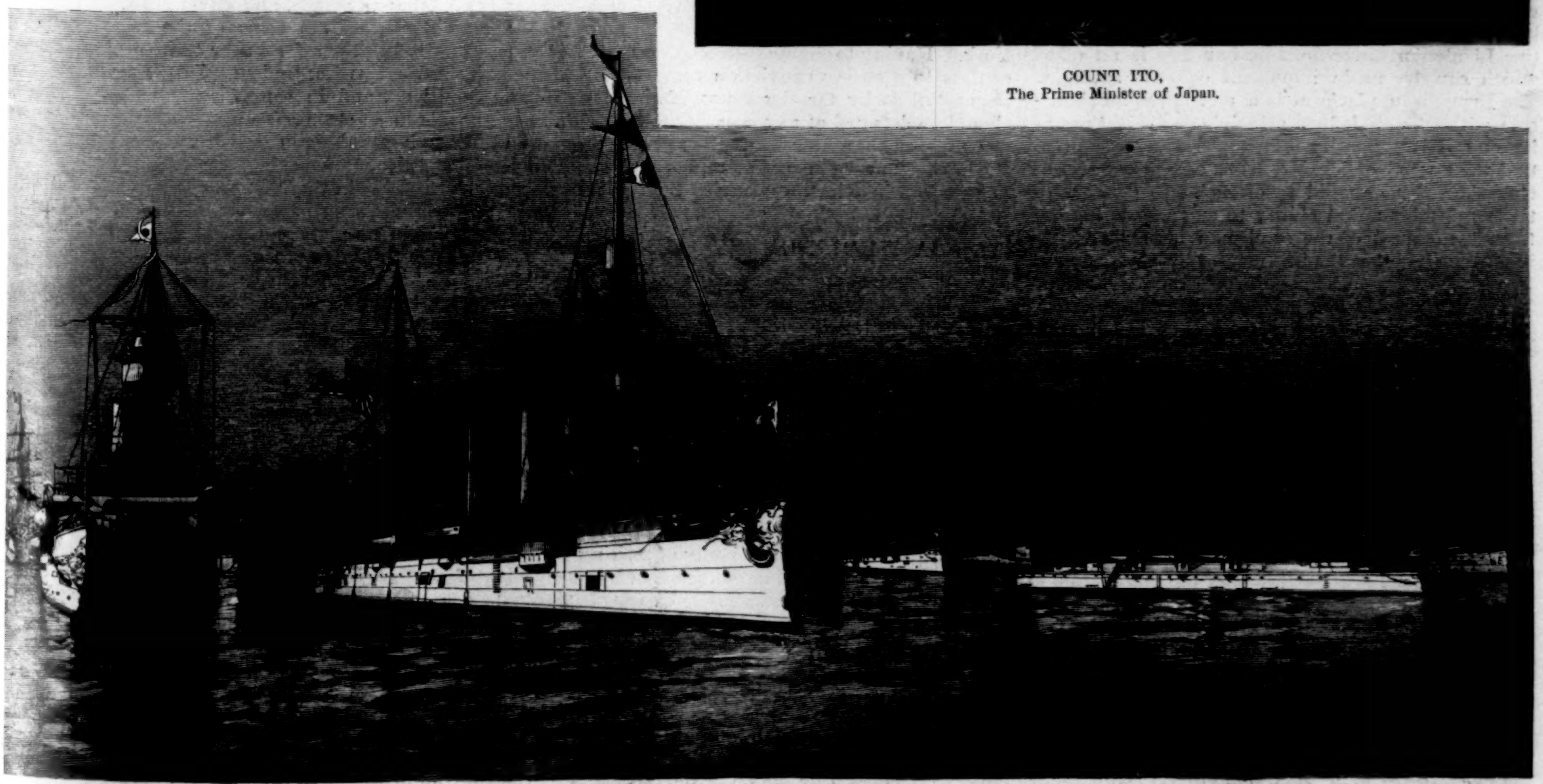
COUNT SAIGO,
Minister of the Marine.

VISCOUNT ENOMOTO,
Vice-Admiral of the Navy, and Minister of Commerce and Agriculture.

COUNT ITO,
The Prime Minister of Japan.



Matsushima. *Takachiho.* *Yoshino.* *Akagi.* *Itsukushima.* *Naniwa.* *Hiyei.*

SHIPS OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.—DRAWN BY T. MORIMOTO.

THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF KOREA.—[SEE PAGE 942.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN THE STATE.

NOTHING could illustrate more strikingly the political misery and humiliation to which machine politics can reduce a people than the distressing dilemma in which the recent State conventions of the Republican and the Democratic parties have placed the citizens of New York. The Republican Convention was almost ostentatiously ruled by Boss PLATT. The Republican machine men openly boast of it as their victory, and decent Republicans confess it with shame. What leadership was this to be so potent? Not that of a statesman—for nobody ever knew Mr. PLATT to have a political conception in the higher sense in his head, or to care for one—but simply the leadership of an ordinary appointment and nomination broker, who knows every man in the State that wishes to be a postmaster, or a revenue officer, or a member of Congress, or a county clerk, or a member of the Legislature, or a Governor, and who has succeeded in making himself looked upon as the man who has these good things to bestow or to withhold according to his pleasure. He is the genuine product of the spoils system, and as the shrewdest and most indefatigable huckster of his kind he has attracted to himself, as a personal following, a large crowd of mercenary characters in his party, and by them he rules it. Such is Boss PLATT.

This year the Republican party of New York had a magnificent opportunity before it. By placing at the head of its ticket some eminent citizen of statesmanlike qualities and high aims, it might not only have insured to itself an easy and fruitful victory, but it might have lifted our politics to a higher plane, and forced the opposite party too to do its very best. It might have done much to regain for itself that popular confidence and esteem which of late years it had forfeited by a reckless policy. But Boss PLATT had no use for such lofty aspirations, being afraid of them because they interfere with his trade. He put his foot upon them, and the party slavishly succumbed to his will. Thus he selected for the Governorship—for nobody pretends that the Convention had anything to do with that selection—Mr. LEVI P. MORTON, a highly respectable citizen, to be sure, and a man of great wealth, who by reason of this combination of qualities had before attained distinguished political positions, in none of which, however, he showed much aptitude for more than the social requirements of high office. The wealth and the well-known liberality of this candidate for the Governorship have, of course, great power of inspiration for the mercenary elements in the political field, and promise a "strong campaign." But the great opportunity of the Republican party is lost. The Convention threw, indeed, a sop to the reform element by nominating Senator SAXTON, a worthy man, for the Lieutenant-Governorship, but this is an office which can be made important only by accident. The Republican platform is a mere partisan rigmarole without well-defined principle or distinct promise, and it is generally understood and recognized that the quality of Mr. MORTON'S official conduct as Governor, if he should be elected, will depend entirely upon his moral ability to emancipate himself from the control of the spoilsman his maker. He must be aware that the best men of his party support him, no doubt with a feeling of personal regard and kindness, and also with confidence in his integrity, but at the same time with serious misgivings as to the ulterior results of his election.

The impression produced by the use Boss PLATT made of his power as ruler of the Republican party presented a great opportunity to the Democrats. The Democratic performances at the recent session of Congress have put the Democratic party under a cloud. Every Democrat felt this. The dreadful disclosures brought forth by the police investigation intensified this feeling. A current of sentiment favorable to the Republicans was in the air. Every sensible Democrat knew that only the nomination of men conspicuously acceptable to the friends of good government could save the chances of the party in this State; and there was reasonable hope that such nominations would actually have that effect as against the candidate selected by Boss PLATT. Even the Tammany leaders and the members of the State machine seemed to recognize this. The State resounded with loud cries for "harmony." Rumors were floating about that the State Convention, which, of course, would be controlled by machine influences, would receive the "anti-snappers," and the "State Democrats" of New York city, and the "SHEPARD Democrats" of Brooklyn with open arms, and not only partially admit them to seats in the Convention, but allow them the decisive voice in the selection of candidates. To this end Governor FLOWER had to "get off the track." The poor soul had been making speeches at county fairs and chewing tobacco with the farmers, fondly imagining himself to be a candidate for re-election, when suddenly he was called to a consultation with his masters, and came forth from the closet a self-sacrificing statesman, "voluntarily" renouncing all political ambition for the good of his party. The field seemed to be free and the hour come for the soul-inspiring spectacle of a reformer at the head of the Democracy of New York.

The appearance of DAVID B. HILL'S sinister face in the chair of the Convention was, indeed, apt to send a cold shiver down the backs of the hopeful. It was also rumored that Senator HILL, while perfectly willing to see a reformer at the head of the ticket, would not consent to the nomination of such a one as might stand in his way. All this was ominous enough. But few were prepared for what actually followed. The Tammany braves and the State machine men, finding themselves in full possession of the Convention, found it, after all, impossible to resist the real spirit that was in them. Without ceremony they kicked aside the reform Democrats from New York city and from Brooklyn, and as soon as the name of Mr. WHITNEY, in whom they hoped to have at least a secret ally, was out of the way, they threw themselves with an enthusiastic rush into the arms of DAVID B. HILL, the man of their hearts. It is true, Mr. HILL did not wish to be nominated for the Governorship, but he struggled against it in vain. The claims his followers had upon him forced him to accept that crown which promises to be a thorny one. There is the hand of fate in this. He had repeatedly ridden into power on the backs of his mercenary henchmen. Now his henchmen jumped upon his back, demanding that he carry them to success, and he could not refuse. Thus the curse of evil has come home. But this nomination in itself, although unwelcome to him, is just as outrageous as if he had wished it.

This, then, is the alternative before the citizens of New York: On the one hand, Mr. MORTON, and behind him as the possible ruling power in his party Boss PLATT, the king of spoilsmen and political intriguers, threatening to control the future Governor with his wicked influence; on the other hand, DAVID B. HILL, the embodiment in his own person of all the bad tendencies in politics, the man who last year forced the nomination of MAYNARD, and who tried to baffle the good purposes of a national administration of his own party by all sorts of dark plots for base ends—without exception the worst politician New York has brought forth since the days of AARON BURR. If the one is elected, the possibility hangs over us of a PLATT régime, with all its mean tricks. If the other is elected, there is the certainty of a continued rule by Tammany and the Democratic State machine, with redoubled insolence and rapacity; for after a victory under present circumstances, with DAVID B. HILL as their head in the Governor's chair, Tammany and the State machine would thenceforth feel themselves invincible.

This is the mortifying alternative to which spoils and machine politics have brought the people of New York. Having to choose between two evils, we must confess to a strong conviction that the HILL-Tammany evil is by far the worse of the two. HILL should be defeated at any cost. Meanwhile there is more reason than ever why all good citizens should strain every nerve to crush Tammany at the municipal election here in the stronghold of its power.

A WHOLESOME MOVEMENT.

CONDITIONS are propitious for a definite alignment of the Democratic party against protectionism, but it is doubtful if a healthy movement can be carried on in the party for the length of time necessary to animate the whole organization with its wholesome purpose. There are so many hostile influences at work to suppress any effort to bring the party into harmony with its promises and professions that discouragement and disappointment have been the lot of all who have tried to be Democrats because of what they have supposed to be Democratic principles.

An illustration of the difficulty of making the heterogeneous mass of anti-Republicans homogeneous is just now afforded in Louisiana. The sugar-planters have determined to quit the Democratic party, because they want not only protection in the future, but the continuance of the bounty on their product for the current year. They are extreme protectionists. They believe that the government ought to take care of their special interests. So far as they favor a reform of the tariff by the reduction of duties they are governed by the selfishness which is willing to see others left to their own unaided skill and industry so long as they themselves are furnished a prop at the cost of the rest of the country. Once fairly in the Republican party they will gain that wiser selfishness which recognizes the value to each individual of a combination of predatory interests. By instinct and training, however, they belong to the class which has been taught that the people are their proper quarry in their hunt for riches. It is therefore logical and wholesome that they should renounce the party that denies their doctrines and join the party that professes them. It is true that the sugar interests dominated the Democratic majority in Congress at the last session, but that it is thoroughly well understood by the planters that this was due to the party's small majority in the Senate is shown by their action, which is nothing less than a frank confession that protected interests are in danger from Democratic ascendency. The movement of the planters was honest and praiseworthy. They had always been Republicans on the economic issue; they had been Democrats only on the race question. And now that their pockets seem to them to be more immediately and directly threatened than the rule of the whites, they join the party of their self-interest. It is well for the Democratic party to be rid of them. It is well for the country that the Republican party should be recognized as the only party for protectionists.

This healthful movement in Louisiana is now threatened by one of the chronic dangers to which the Democratic party is subject. It seems to be an inherent weakness of this peculiar organization that it should yield its principles to the first beggar who pleads that the party should do nothing that will cost him votes in his State or district. Mr. PRICE, since the translation of Mr. BLANCHARD to the Senate, is probably the leader of the Louisiana delegation in the House of Representatives. He and some of his colleagues have announced that they will not abandon the Democratic party. This would be all very well if they were prepared to follow up this declaration by a substantial confession that they will prove the sincerity of their affection by loyalty to Democratic principles. They seem to be content, however, with the adoption of the Mrs. Micawber protestation. The report is that in order to enable Mr. PRICE and his associates to stand well in their districts, notwithstanding their pledge of fidelity to the Democratic party, the President, Mr. WILSON, and other leaders are to be asked to promise that the free-sugar bill shall not be pressed at the coming session of Congress. In making this request the Louisiana Democrats are not departing from the traditions of their party, but it is high time that the party itself should turn its back upon traditions that have brought to it shame, disgrace, and weakness. Surely Mr. CLEVELAND has had a sufficiently bitter experience with the consequence of ante-campaign pledges to the Sugar Trust and the planters to cause him to decline the proffer of Democratic Congressmen at the cost demanded.

The party would be stronger to-day if years ago it had been made impossible for men not professing its principles to attain to any influence in it or over it. It has sacrificed to vote-catching everything that makes a political party respected. The result is that every wandering troupe of dangerous or silly fanatics has found a hospitable reception within its ranks. It has allied itself, in one part of the country or another, with greenbackers, grangers, Populists, Farmers' Alliance people, and silver men. In the West and South and in some of the great commercial cities it has been for lower tariff duties. Some of its leaders are free-traders. In Pennsylvania, Ohio, Louisiana, and in some New England districts it has been as strong for protection as its opponent. When it was thought that Mr. THURMAN could carry Ohio, it leaned towards silver. While Mr. RANDALL was a power in the House of Representatives, its orators and its newspapers explained away the tariff planks in its platforms, with the result of electing a sufficient number of Congressmen to enable the Republican minority to defeat all efforts at tariff reform. And all this cowardice and shuffling was in the face of strong expressions of a popular desire for tariff reform and of popular respect for courage. BRAWLEY was re-elected in the stronghold of the Populists, notwithstanding his vote against free silver; WILSON'S majorities increased among the coal-miners; GROVER CLEVELAND was triumphant. And still the Democratic party kept up a sneaking relation with the protectionists through its GORMANS, BRICES, and SMITHS.

It has reaped the fruit of its follies. It has been shown that its anxiety for votes and its acceptance of protectionists as leaders have thwarted the purpose of the great majority of its voters, have turned its victories into disappointment, have discredited it before the country, and have tainted the legislation which the people had the right to demand of it with gross and revolting corruption. Now that it has the opportunity to purge itself, it will be mad folly if it does not take advantage of it. The voters are anxious that the leaders should act. The politicians alone stand in the way. It was with difficulty that BRICE prevented the Ohio Democrats from censuring him,

although he had packed the convention with Federal office-holders whose appointment he had secured. GORMAN has been censured by name in Maryland conventions, and has been declared by them to be unfit to sit in the national legislature. It would be arrant folly to comply with Mr. PRICE'S demand. If he agrees with the planters, he should go with them to the Republican party. The Louisiana movement is wholesome. It should be imitated in other States, and especially in Ohio, New Jersey, Maryland, and New York. A political party should mean precisely what it professes.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION.

THE most obvious reflection upon the deliberations of the New York Constitutional Convention is that there was no exigent necessity for its being. The State could have done without it. It has proposed nothing of consequence that could not be accomplished through the processes already provided, except to precipitate the issue of apportionment. Neither political party had anything to present which imperatively demanded constitutional sanction. The Constitution, with its democratic inspiration, under which, with the amendments that have been attached to it, New York has lived and prospered for half a century, maintaining the rights and guaranteeing the liberties of her citizens, is a model governmental charter. It never had more conspicuous vindication than in the labors of this convention, ineffectual as they have been to alter it radically. They bear witness to the wisdom of the existing order and the prescience of those who established it. Quite as much in what the convention did not as in what it did is the broad statesmanship of the framers of the Constitution of 1846 declared. The American people, with whom written constitutions originated, have a genius for drafting them, but that genius has probably exhausted itself, so far as the affirmation of fundamental principles is concerned.

But this is not to say that the convention, if not essential, has not been useful, nor that it is inappropriate for the commonwealth, with its multitudinous population and its multifarious interests, to study its organic law through its accredited representatives once in twenty years, for the purpose of modifying details rather than formulating structural changes. Tried by the standard thus indicated, the convention which adjourned last week certainly did some valuable work, by far the larger part of which was of a legislative rather than a strictly constitutional character, as it also did some which inspires severe criticism, and will arouse bitter hostility at the polls. Composed at the outset mainly of new and untried men, with reputations yet to achieve, it has developed considerable ability, the oratorical honors being about equally divided between the majority and the minority, Mr. JENKS ranking as the most artistic and polished and Mr. ROOT as the most trenchant of debaters, and Mr. CHOATE without previous Parliamentary training, revealing with what facility a great lawyer may be resolved into the most partial as well as pleasing of presiding officers. From the numerous propositions, some of them extremely fantastic and chimerical, presented to it, the convention selected thirty-three as worthy of popular consideration, the most notable of those which it rejected, each after earnest discussion, being that for the submission of the question of female suffrage and that for the abolition of capital punishment.

The principal article proposed, and the one which will provoke the fiercest controversy, is that providing for the legislative apportionment of the State, increasing the number of Senators from thirty-two to fifty, and that of members of Assembly from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and fifty, and distributing them with reference to territorial boundaries as well as population. It is unfortunate that the conclusion of the ballot-box upon this article will be almost wholly controlled by partisan inclination, and that the crucial issues it involves as to the propriety of enlarging the legislative bodies, and the justice of discriminating somewhat in favor of widely scattered constituencies as compared with compact masses, will be eliminated in the heat of the conflict. The Democrats will claim truthfully that the increase, accentuated as it is by the variations from the ratios, will inure, and is intended to inure, to the benefit of Republicans, and that in this State, aside from the allotment of a member of Assembly to each county, representation has uniformly been based upon population, although in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kentucky, and other States, checks upon excessive urban representation are recognized, as they are by the article under review. Issues thus intimately related to the political weal and the social order are entitled to more intelligent and dispassionate treatment than they are likely to receive.

The judiciary, education, charities, cities, forest preserve, and canals are other leading articles. That on the judiciary has had approval in these columns, as discarding certain useless officials, consolidating city with State tribunals, abolishing pensions, and clearly defining the functions of each branch of the judiciary, but it will be opposed in some of the rural districts because of the increased taxes which the maintenance of the additional judges will impose. That on education, shorn of the suggested provision for the election of the superintendent of public instruction by the regents of the university, and thus failing to take his department out of politics, has as its chief feature the absolute inhibition of public aid to denominational schools, which admirable standard is, however, lowered by the latitude for largess accorded in the charities article to eleemosynary institutions in which education is incidental. The two combined, for submission to the people, must encounter opposition from antagonistic sources which may be fatal to each. The cities article, virile as it entered the arena of debate, manfully asserting the principle of home-rule, emerged therefrom shapeless, emasculated, and utterly unrecognizable even by its sponsors. Of all its brave professions, it retains only the separation of municipal from State and national elections, and the formal classification according to population. It leaves the cities, as heretofore, substantially at the mercy of the Legislature, and as a measure of reform is a travesty upon the name. The forest preserve is, as the term implies, a positive restriction upon the further sale, lease, gift, or other disposition by the State of its wild lands, mainly consisting of the Adirondack region, and will commend itself to general favor—a favor which, it is to be feared, the measure concerning the canals will not command. By this, on the one hand, tolls are forever abolished, and, on the other, power is conferred upon the Legislature to expend any amount of money in any year upon the improvement of these waterways. It may well be doubted that a majority of the electors of the State will commit themselves to such an elastic scheme, the realization of which, they believe, would be to their detriment, and to the advantage only of the jobbers of the metropolis, the elevators of Buffalo, and the grain-growers of the far West.

Still other articles of more or less significance may be enumerated. Among them are the discontinuance of coroners as constitutional officers, the guarding against hasty legislation by requiring that all bills must be on the desks of members in their final form before passage, the removal of the $5000 limitation for damages recoverable for the loss of life, the permission for the sale of the Onondaga Salt Springs, the authority for the use of ballot-machines and other devices provided secrecy in voting is preserved, the anti-rider article, the extension of the period from ten to ninety days before a naturalized citizen can exercise the elective franchise, the change of the meeting of the Legislature from the first Tuesday to the first Wednesday of January, the prohibition against the granting of passes to public officials by railway, telegraph, or telephone companies, the utter abolition of the contract system in State-prisons and penitentiaries, the equal representation of the two leading political parties upon registry and election boards, and the reduction of the terms of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor from three to two years. From this brief review it will be seen that the labors of the convention, while not assuming the full dignity of real constitution-making, have embraced certain subjects which will be pertinent for the people to consider and definitely pass upon; but the State will not suffer materially whether any or all are voted up or voted down.

THE TREATY WITH JAPAN.

IT is to be regretted that the United States has permitted another power to be the first to release Japan from the bondage by treaty which for nearly thirty years has held her fast.

England, after having been for two decades the chief opponent of treaty revision, urged on at last by jealousy of Russia, which country has of late been ominously interested in affairs Japanese, has hastily concluded a treaty which practically yields to Japan all that for which she has for so many years earnestly contended.

Consular jurisdiction is to be abolished in five years, and Japan secures, after twelve years have elapsed, the right to establish her own customs dues, and to prohibit vessels not flying her flag from entering her coasting trade. She also secures an increase in revenue from imports of some five millions of dollars, as a new tariff schedule is provided for, which is to go into operation one month after the exchange of ratifications. The right to buy land, which has been such a bugaboo to the Japanese people, is not conceded. British subjects are permitted to live and to trade in any part of the country, but they can only rent land in perpetuity.

There are sixteen powers having treaties with Japan, and all of these will doubtless now follow the lead England has set for them.

That the new treaties will be much opposed by foreigners resident in the empire is to be expected. Already the journals which reflect their opinions are filled with bitter wailings. The foreigners generally separate their lives as much as possible from the current of that unique national life which sweeps by them and interests all the world but themselves. Familiarity has bred contempt, and the point of view is so confined as utterly to warp their judgments.

Privileges secured by treaty have become in their eyes inalienable rights. The increase in the customs duties is complained of as "simply going to swell the receipts of the Japanese exchequer"; but the fact that Japan in this is only regaining a sovereign right to which the alien has no claim never seems to occur to them. Doubtless the foreigners would prefer the continuance of extra-territoriality, and to live under their own laws; but it is not a question of the wishes, even of the interests, of a mere handful of some 1300 aliens, but what is due in justice and equity to 40,000,000 of people, who, in the judgment of the world, after thirty years of trial, have proved that they can be trusted.

The fact that Japan is an Asiatic nation is no reason for grading her with China, and the intimation contained in such classification is unjust. Her progress has been wonderful, and is, so far as human judgment can determine, permanent; and now, when the patriotic sacrifices of her people and her brilliant military and naval movements, betokening, as they do, energy of purpose, intelligent control, and strength of government, are winning the admiration of the world, it would seem a fitting time to remove the fetters which have held and galled her for a generation.

"Oppression by treaty" has never been a political maxim of the United States, and it should be our duty to meet Japan more than half-way.

In the commercial and political future of the Pacific the United States must play a prominent part, and it is to our interest to know that our nearest neighbor on its other shore is a strong power, not likely to rival us to any great extent, and bound to us by ties of sympathy and sentiment.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT is too early to say that the existence or the reform of the British House of Lords will be the principal issue in the next general Parliamentary election. That depends on when the election takes place, for the issue is one which is likely to grow in importance with time and with the opportunities which time and circumstance will afford the Lords for offending the Commons. That they will continue to offend a Liberal House of Commons is certain, for they are now the repository of Tory and Unionist power. The question of what to do with the Lords is important even now, however, and if the elections should take place to-morrow much of the discussion on the hustings would touch it, while some Radical and Irish candidates would frankly make it the principal feature of their canvass.

There is probably no considerable body of persons in England—perhaps not in England, Scotland, and Wales—who desire to abolish the house of hereditary legislators. Its chief enemies are the Irish home-rulers and the English Radicals. The traditions of bicameral legislation are too strong in Great Britain to lead to such a revolutionary change as that which has recently taken place in Prince Edward Island by the total destruction of the Upper House, and the granting of all legislative powers to one chamber. Two legislative houses will remain in possession of the law-making power of Great Britain, and to the minds of a very large majority of the British electorate nothing is more natural than that one chamber should represent the ancient peerage of the realm.

Nevertheless, there is so great a number of British voters who are opposed to the Lords as they are constituted that the chances are that a reform of the upper chamber will be the next important political achievement in Great Britain, and it is quite probable that it will precede any such grant of home-rule to Ireland as will satisfy either of the Irish factions. The House of Lords under existing conditions claims and exercises a power that makes it an archaic institution, out of harmony and touch with the state of public opinion in the United Kingdom, and directly hostile to the theory that the people, through the House of Commons, have the leading voice in the making of laws. The attitude of the House of Lords in refusing its assent to bills that have been passed by the Commons has been compared with that of the Senate on the silver repeal and the tariff bills; but such a comparison is not accurate, for the Senate can much more logically oppose the House of Representatives than the Lords can oppose the Commons. The sources of power of the two houses and the theory of their relations to the popular bodies are entirely different. What the Lords have done in throwing out and radically amending bills that have come up from the Commons is like the action of a Republican President, for example, who should decline to sign any party measure coming from a Democratic Congress. He would thereby defeat the constitutional theory that the people can change their minds in the middle of his term, and direct the enactment of legislation by the party hostile to his views. So the Lords, by refusing to permit the enactment of legislation passed by the Liberal majority of the Commons, have denied to the people of Great Britain the right not only to the leading voice in legislation, but to any voice whatever, unless it pleases the Tories and Unionists who control the upper chamber.

The power which the Lords asserted and exercised during the last session of Parliament has been spoken of as their veto, and as a veto it is a power much more real than any that the crown possesses over the making of laws. It is against the pretension to such a power that a revolt has taken place. How strong and threatening it is was shown by an incident in the closing hours of Parliament. On Monday and Tuesday of the last week of the session the Irish and Radicals kept the Commons sitting until far into the morning by obstructive tactics based on a refusal of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY to announce the government's programme for the reform of the House of Lords. An attempt was made to cut out of the supply bill all provision for the salaries of the employés of the Lords, and Mr. BALFOUR was obliged to come to the assistance of his political opponents in order to prevent an unjust punishment of the servants for the sins of the masters. On the Sunday before a popular demonstration against the Lords had taken place in Hyde Park. The Tories report it a failure; the Liberals assert that it was a success. However that may be, Mr. MORLEY was forced to declare that the government would make an effort to reform the Lords in such a way as to destroy their veto power at the next session, while Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT explained that a programme involving so important a constitutional change ought not to be forced from ministers in the last hours of a busy session. So the matter rested at the adjournment.

It is clear from Unionist sources that a reform of the House of Lords is considered inevitable. The London *Spectator*, for example, urged the Lords not to throw out the evicted tenants' bill, but to avoid the wrath of the people both of England and Ireland by modifying the measure, while in its issue of September 15th, after asserting that the peers were too one-sided, that the weight of Unionists over Liberals, both in numbers and in debate, was too great, argued in favor of permitting ministers to debate in both Houses. This would enable Lord ROSEBERY to lead his forces in the Commons, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. ASQUITH, and Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to explain their measures to the peers. The *Spectator* represents the people who want the Lords to surrender as little as possible of their power, and therefore its willingness that any change should be made is one of the surest of signs that the House of Lords is in danger of a reform that will enable the people of Great Britain to force their political opinions into the statute-books against the opposition of the peers.

NEW YORK'S JAPANESE CLUB.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.

NEW YORK'S JAPANESE CLUB.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

There may be many dwellings in New York that are as clean as the Japanese Club house in West Twenty-fifth Street, but there cannot be one that is cleaner. To enter it is like stepping into a typical Holland home, as far as spick-and-span, spotless neatness is concerned. From the kitchen to the parlors, with their immaculate white lace curtains, and thence up to the topmost bedroom, it is all alike in its scrupulous order and tidiness. There are between two hundred and three hundred natives of the Land of the Rising Sun in New York and the suburbs, and it is said that, like their people at home, they are self-supporting and orderly, while many are well-to-do and exceedingly cultivated. But only a score of them belong to this little club, in whose reception-room one sees the Emperor's portrait over one mantel and that of the Empress over the other, and the white flag with its red sun in the centre draped at the end of the apartment.

The club-house would be an ordinary New York dwelling but for its dainty cleanliness. It is decked, as the Japanese men clothe themselves, after the American fashion, so far as its necessary appointments go. The Japanesque is seen in the ornaments. Those bannerettes of gaudy silk or paper with a roll-stick at the end—which contain a water-color picture in the middle, and which are hung by a string at the top—are seen upon the walls, with here and there a beautiful print in gay colors beside them. Some rare and costly pottery of ancient make is on the mantels and on the shelf at the foot of the pier-glass between the windows of the front parlor. There is a framed picture or two on the same walls, but these do homage to American taste, not to Japanese, for the Japanese cannot see beauty in a garish gold frame. Indeed, the presence of a lot of their own frameless pictures is due to American taste. In Japan, the clubmen tell, the neat walls are kept bare, and in a special corner, above a raised platform, the Japanese at home display but one picture, changed every day, because, if a picture is beautiful, it should not be confused or paled by the company of other pictures. We Americans, who are accustomed to display and to see a hodgepodge of paintings hung together, may find a thought in that theory.

"Suppose," said one member, "that to-day the cherry blossoms came out. Then we would hang up a cherry-blossom picture. Or suppose you were coming on a visit, and you loved the work of a certain great artist. Then we would hang up the best example of his work that we possessed. Or if we were going to spend a pleasant time fishing, perhaps we would mark the day with a pretty fishing picture."

In that same altarlike corner would be burned the incense, and there would be displayed the day's floral triumph—the simple flower or spray of blossoms whose arrangement is at once a beautiful science, a polite accomplishment, and a matter of ceremonial importance. But in the Japanese club there is no such corner, and the members, in truly American fashion, display on the walls all that is best in their store of pretty pretties.

To be invited to join one's friends there at a dinner *à la* father-land is a sensation as foreign as can be experienced in New York. One gets the idea that it is perhaps a greater treat to the members also, for, unlike their neighbors the Chinese, these gentlemen adopt the customs with the country, and take most of their meals of American food in American fashion. But when their cook, who once managed the best restaurant in Tokyo, gets orders to prepare and serve a typical Japanese dinner, the result is sure to be memorable to all who are not to the manner born. Then there is nothing American to eat, or to eat with, or to eat from. The host may say that the omelet is made of United States eggs, to be sure, but the guests can scarcely believe it, especially since the omelet (called "many good things," perhaps) contains queer Japanese mushrooms, and cooked bamboo, and other trifles just as foreign as the whole concoction looks and tastes. Instead of saucers, each guest has one great saucer or lacquer tray large enough to hold many cups and bowls at once—a square tray of a kind not imported to this country—a poem of lightness and polish and simple beauty. Lacquer also composes some of the bowls, and it is of an indescribable ruddy-brown color glorified with flowers and artistic forms of gold—just touched with them here and there, with that exquisite judgment that tells the Japanese artists what to do and where to stop. The largest of these lacquer bowls is so light that even with its cover on one suspects that it would float off into the air like a bubble if raised upon one's open palm. What must be the delicacy of the film of wood beneath the lacquer! How could it have been turned and fashioned?

There is chilled saki, or rice wine, to drink out of tiny china, cups such as we might buy to shake cigar ashes in, or such as our wives might keep to hold odd buttons. A pretty fashion goes with this mild and innocent wine. A large and glorious china bowl, filled with clear water that is changed every few minutes, stands on the table for the rinsing of the saki cups. To honor or compliment a neighbor at table the Japanese drink the saki, rinse out the cup, and hand it to the person who is to be toasted. He accepts the empty cup with a smile and a bow, and a noiseless waiter fills the little vessel with saki from a pretty china bottle. Presently he sends a clean cup back to that friend or to another. So the cups pass round and round. That is the way in which the Japanese say "Here's to you, old pard."

After the soup, at one notable dinner, came a fish for each guest—a little fat fish that looked as if it had been caught and dried with its tail up at right angles to its body. It was hollow, and stuffed with an indescribable lot of queer and tasty dressing made up of many things. It would pay a fashionable American cook to learn how to treat a fish that way, for it was appetizing to look at and delicious to eat. Then came fowl with pease about as we have it, and then *yebino suno mono*, which is to say, "lobster salad"—a dainty salad of lettuce leaves, lobster, and other things now forgotten, but all choice and fresh and perfect, like the club-house and the studied politeness of the hosts. And then, quite out of order, and only brought on because it had not at first been thought that the guests would enjoy such a novelty, some live fish—that is to say, fish fresh from the sea, and prepared by cleaning, skinning, and carving. It came on in small portions of the mere meat, and that was flaked so that small thin slices could be dipped in a brown sauce (of *soy*, I think) like our Worcestershire sauce, of which it is said to be the basis. The American reader cannot be made, by written words, to understand what a delicacy this is. It must be eaten to be appreciated, and then it will be found to possess no fishy taste—not even such as lobster or shrimp carries with it—but to be a toothsome dish that those who dislike all fish could partake of with enjoyment.

These were some of the surprises of a dinner at this club. I was surprised at one other feature—the use of chopsticks. I had supposed that only the Chinese used them. The paper napkins had been anticipated, and the exquisite *kondati*, or menu card—beautiful enough to treasure at home—was just what one would expect so artistic and dainty a people to devise.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN.

It was in 1889, during my first visit to Japan, that I painted the portrait of Count Ito. I made the acquaintance of Japan's Prime Minister through friends of the American Legation at Tokyo, and he kindly consented to give me the requisite number of sittings.

It was with an unusual interest that I undertook the task of depicting on canvas the features of this great leader of a movement that raised his country from the conditions of mediæval feudalism into the light of the nineteenth century.

During the four or five sittings that he gave me at his home I had abundant opportunities, as he spoke English fluently, of conversing with him on a variety of subjects. As an artist, I was naturally interested more in the past picturesque life and surroundings of the feudal castles, the art, and the magnificent ceremonious life of the Mikado's court. I endeavored to lead the conversation to the ground of old Japan. I found, however, that while he displayed the keenest interest and talked freely on subjects relating to modern conditions in Japan and Europe, he was extremely reticent and apparently little interested in matters connected with old Japan.

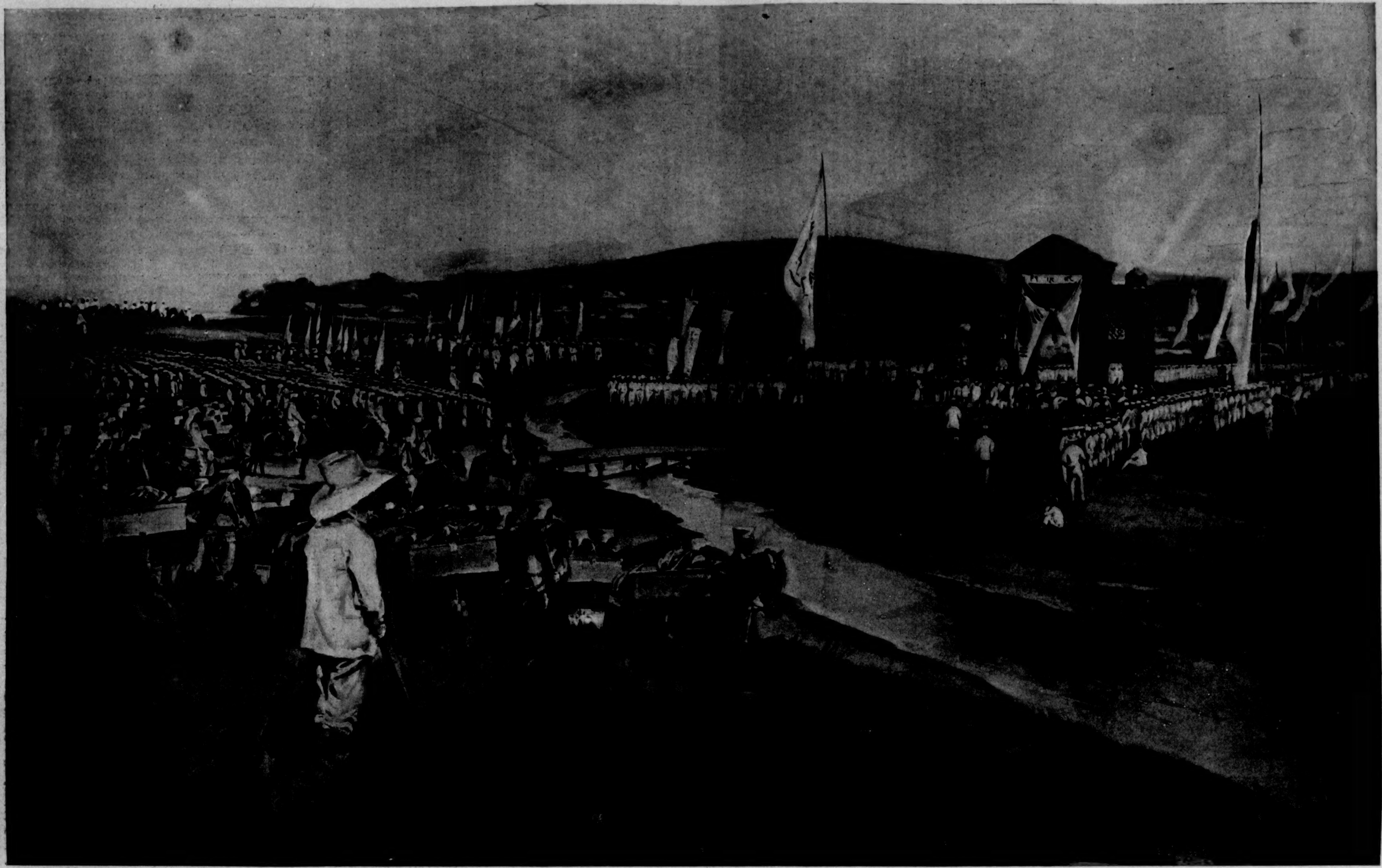
Count Ito is the head of the movement that abolished the Chinese calendar, which brought about the adoption of European dress and costume, and generally substituted Western ideas and civilization in the place of that of the Chinese, and under which the army and navy were reorganized upon a European basis, and a full-fledged electoral and parliamentary system was imported into the "Land of the Rising Sun." It is not my province to pass upon the value of these reforms. Curiously enough, Count Ito, at the beginning of his career, held widely different views. The son of a simple Samurai, in the town of Hagu, in the province of Nagato, he was bitterly opposed to the opening up of Japan. Japan was not then reconstructed, and the young soldier shared in common with his fellow-countrymen the widespread feeling of hatred and suspicion towards foreigners.

The old laws still prevailed, and Japanese subjects were forbidden to leave the confines of the empire, and the construction of junks beyond the size used for coasting purposes was also prohibited by law. Count Ito, however, even at twenty, was quite capable of forming a policy of his own. He took into confidence an intimate friend, a young Samurai, a little older than himself, now Count Enouye, Minister of the Interior. Both young men determined at all hazards to make their way to England, and thus at first hand to learn the mystery of Europe's power on land and sea. The difficulty of such an undertaking at such a time can scarcely now be realized. But the plan, once decided upon, was immediately carried out. How the young Samurai reached Hong-Kong I am not informed. Once there, however, it is known that they worked their way before the mast in a sailing-vessel to Liverpool. They landed on English soil with high hopes, and five shillings in English money. An amusing story is told of Count Ito about those five shillings. He and Count Enouye were almost famished when they left the ship, and accordingly they made their way to the nearest bake-shop to buy food. Knowing little or nothing about the English language or the value of English money, they laid down their five shillings on the baker's counter, and laconically uttered one word—bread. The baker was not slow to take in the situation. He handed them the loaf, and with a keen view to British interests pocketed the five shillings, without returning a penny of change.

After one such experience the young Samurai rapidly imbibed the spirit of European institutions. With many hardships and privations, but not without kindly assistance, they managed to get along, or were helped along, until word of their plight reached Japan. The Duke of Choshu, the Daimio of their native province, on receiving a full account of the voyage and experience of the two young soldiers, considered the equities of the case, and, in the language of W. S. Gilbert, made the punishment fit the crime. He forwarded to England a sum of money sufficient to fit out the two runaways with an education.

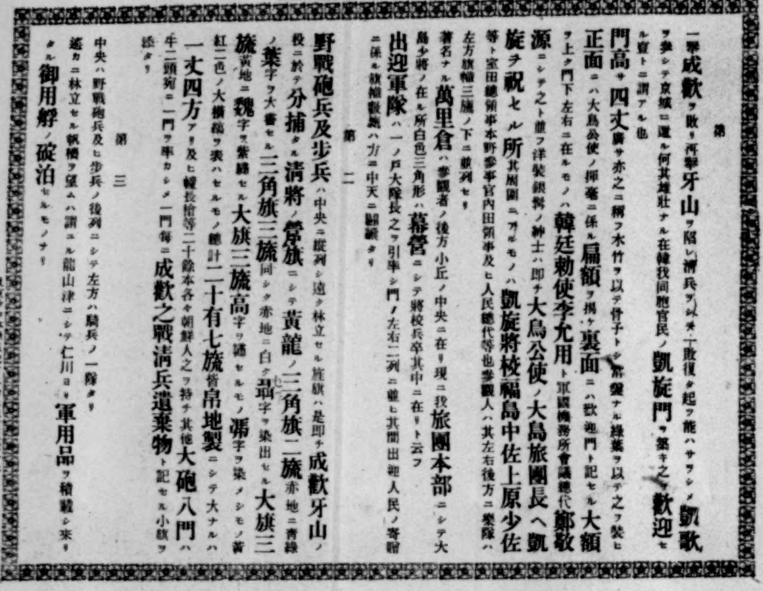
The two students made good use of their time, until the news of the bombardment of Shimonoséki in 1863 by the foreign powers so completely stirred their patriotic ardor that nothing could restrain them from an immediate return. They left England, and with almost as much difficulty going as coming, arrived in Japan, to their great chagrin, too late to take part in the defence of their country.

This early trip to England undoubtedly exercised a great



THE JAPANESE REJOICING AFTER THE BATTLE OF YASAN.

The Victorious Army at the Arch of Welcome erected outside the Gates of Seoul.—Drawn by G. W. Peters after a Photograph.—[See Page 942.]


第一

一擧成歡ヲ敗リ再擧牙山ヲ陷レ清兵ヲシテ一敗復タ起ツ能ハサラシメ凱歌ヲ奏シテ京城ニ還ル何其雄壯ナル在韓我同胞官民ノ凱旋門ヲ築キ之ヲ歡迎セル宜ナリト謂フヘキ也

門高サ四丈廣サ亦之ニ稱フ木竹ヲ以テ骨子トシ翠蔭ナル緑葉ヲ以テ之ヲ裝ヒ正面ニハ大鳥公使ノ揮毫ニ係ル扁額ヲ掲ケ裏面ニハ歡迎門ト記セル大額ヲ上ク門下左右ニ在ルモノハ韓廷勅使李允用ト軍國機務所會議總代鄭敬源ニシテ之ト並フ洋裝銀髯ノ紳士ハ即チ大鳥公使ノ大鳥旅團長ヘ凱旋ヲ祝セル所其周圍ニアルモノハ凱旋將校福島中佐上原少佐等ト室田總領事本野參事官內田領事及ヒ人民總代等也參觀人ハ其左右後方ニ樂隊ハ左方旗幟三旒ノ下ニ並列セリ著名ナル萬里倉ハ參觀者ノ後方小丘ノ中央ニ在リ現ニ我旅團本部ニシテ大島少將ノ在ル所白色三角形ハ幕營ニシテ將校兵卒其中ニ在リト云フ出迎軍隊ハ一ノ戸大隊長之ヲ引率シ門ノ左右二列ニ並ヒ其間出迎人民ノ寄贈ニ係ル旗幟飄颻トシテ中天ニ翩翻タリ

第二

野戰砲兵及歩兵ハ中央ニ縦列シ遠ク林立セル旌旗ハ是即チ成歡牙山ノ役ニ於テ分捕タル清將ノ營旗ニシテ黃龍ノ三角旗二旒赤地ニ青緑ノ葉字ヲ大書セル三角旗三旒同シク赤地ニ白ク聶字ヲ染出セル大旗三旒黃地ニ魏字ヲ紫繡セル大旗三旒高字ヲ繡セルモノ馮字ヲ染メシモノ黃紅二色ノ大横幟ヲ表ハセルモノ總計二十有七旒皆帛地製ニシテ大ナルハ一丈四方アリ及ヒ韓長槍等二十餘本各々朝鮮人之ヲ持チ其他大砲八門ハ牛二頭宛ニ一門ヲ牽カシメ一門毎ニ成歡之戰清兵遺棄物ト記セル小旗ヲ添タリ

第三

中央ハ野戰砲兵及ヒ歩兵ノ後列ニシテ左方ハ騎兵ノ一隊タリ遙カニ林立セル帆檣ヲ望ムハ謂ユル龍山津ニシテ仁川ヨリ軍用品ヲ積載シ來リタル御用艀ノ碇泊セルモノナリ

THE JAPANESE ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE VICTORY AT YASAN.

influence on the career and character of the future minister, and through him on the destiny of Japan. In 1870 he became Governor of Hiogo, and the same year he accompanied the Japanese embassy on their mission to the United States and the foreign powers. During the entire progress of the embassy, Count Ito achieved marked distinction as a diplomat. His knowledge of the English language, his fund of general information, his sincere and straightforward methods, and, above all, his sound common-sense, proved invaluable to his country at this juncture. The practical results achieved were great indeed. Japan was popularized in the eyes of all nations, just at a time when a hostile sentiment against China was beginning to make itself felt.

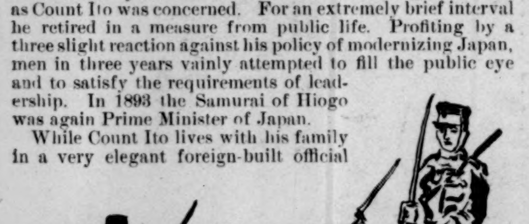
From the date of his return to Japan, in 1872, Count Ito began to advance rapidly in the public service. He took an active part in the quarrel between Japan and China over the island of Formosa. This incident in many ways illustrates the present situation in the East, only the subject of controversy was not Korea, and the outcome, one way or the other, was infinitely of less consequence. The difficulty arose from the cruel treatment some shipwrecked Japanese sailors received at the hands of the natives. Japan, acting on the theory that Formosa was Chinese territory, addressed a demand for indemnity to the imperial government of Peking. China, thriftywise, disclaimed any responsibility for Formosa. The Mikado met this move with characteristic energy, immediately sending an army to Formosa, under the command of General Saigo, the same officer who is now commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in Korea. The prospect of losing Formosa was too much for the Peking government. The island was suddenly discovered to be Chinese territory after all. Overtures were made for peace, and accordingly Count Ito and a confrère, Count Kuroda, were sent to Peking to settle the terms. Count Ito proved quite too much even for Li Hung Chang. China conceded all the claims of Japan, and paid the handsome sum of 500,000 yen as indemnity.

When I was painting the Prime Minister's portrait at Tokyo he frequently alluded in the warmest terms to the friendship which existed between Li Hung Chang and himself. He showed me quite a number of scrolls hanging on the walls which were written by Li Hung Chang and presented to him while on his visit to Peking. This was in 1879, and he could hardly have foreseen at that time that he should so soon be called upon again to try conclusions with the greatest statesman China has ever produced. The years 1890 to 1893 were an interregnum as far as Count Ito was concerned. For an extremely brief interval he retired in a measure from public life. Profiting by a three slight reaction against his policy of modernizing Japan, men in three years vainly attempted to fill the public eye and to satisfy the requirements of leadership. In 1893 the Samurai of Hiogo was again Prime Minister of Japan.

While Count Ito lives with his family in a very elegant foreign-built official residence in Tokyo, where entertainments on a magnificent scale are frequently given, his private life is very simple, and any foreigner meeting him on the streets would hardly distinguish him from the humbler citizens. So much is this the case that quite recently, while riding through the streets of Tokyo in an ordinary jinrikisha, he was run into and thrown out by a passing state carriage and severely injured.

I have jotted down these facts about Japan's Prime Minister as they have been told to me, and as I have learned them from his own lips. The portrait is practically a replica of the painting, which is no longer in my possession. My Japanese friends who have seen Count Ito recently tell me he is not changed since he was good enough to sit for me in "The Land of the Rising Sun."

THEODORE WORES.



CHINESE PRISONERS TAKEN BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF SEOUL.
From the *Nichi-nichi Shimbun* (Japanese Daily).

JAPANESE SHIPS OF WAR AT YALU.

NONE of the wars, great and small, for a quarter of a century past have furnished any sea conflicts by which nations could measure the effectiveness of the many types of warships they have built.

The fight of the little Peruvian *Huascar*, with her four-inch side and seven-inch turret armor, against the *Shah* and *Amethyst*, of the British navy, in 1877, was valuable only as showing the worthlessness of the "walls of oak" when pitted against ships even so lightly armored as the *Huascar*.

The sinking of the disabled *Blanco Encalada*, in the Chilian war of 1890, by a torpedo, proved nothing. The recent revolution in Brazil added little to the sum of knowledge.

It has remained for the object-lesson to come from a least-expected quarter, and the eyes of Europe and America are now straining anxiously towards the dim, mysterious East, to learn from the fights on the Yellow Sea the value of the great fleets that later years have created.

The *Matsushima*, the flag-ship of the Japanese admiral in the recent battle off the mouth of the Yalu River, is one of three sister ships, the other two being the *Itsukushima* and the *Hashidate*. They comprise a type peculiar to the Japanese navy, and may be classed as protected cruisers. The *Matsushima* and *Itsukushima* were built in France. The dimensions are: Length, 295 feet; beam, 50 feet; draught, 21 feet; and displacement, 4277 tons. They have engines of 5400 horse-power, driving twin screws, and giving a speed of $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots. The armament for each consists of one 12.8-inch Canet breech-loading rifle mounted in a turret of 12-inch steel armor, which is situated forward on the *Itsukushima* and aft on the *Matsushima;* also, eleven 5-inch Armstrong rapid-fire rifles and eleven 37-millimetre Hotchkiss revolving cannon—a very formidable battery. The torpedo-tubes are four in number, discharging ahead, astern, and on either side. The *Hashidate* was built at the Japanese dock-yard at Yokosuka, near Yokohama. The *Yoshino*, the latest addition to the imperial navy, is one of the fastest cruisers in the world, having developed on her trial more than 15,000 horse-power, and attained a speed of over 23 knots.

This vessel was built by Sir William Armstrong. The dimensions are: Length, 350 feet; beam, 46 feet 6 inches; draught, 17 feet; and displacement, 4150 tons. She is of steel throughout. The machinery, boilers, magazines, and steering-gear are covered by a curved protective deck $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick on the sloping sides and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches on the horizontal portions. The coal capacity is 1000 tons. The conning-tower, of 6-inch steel, is forward. The armament is composed entirely of rapid-fire guns, viz., four 6-inch, eight 4.7-inch, and twenty-two 3-pounders.

The *Naniwa* and *Takachiho* were also built by Sir William Armstrong, and are enlarged copies of the famous Chilian cruiser *Esmeralda*, in which her builders created a new type of war-vessel. They were finished in 1886. The dimensions are: Length, 300 feet; beam, 46 feet; draught, 19 feet 6 inches; and displacement, 3650 tons. The engines developed 7720 horse-power in the case of the *Naniwa*, and 7650 in that of the *Takachiho*, giving speeds of 18.9 knots and 18.23 knots respectively. The battery for each ship consists of two 10-inch Krupp rifles, one forward and one aft, mounted in light steel half-turrets on revolving turn-tables, six 5.9-inch Krupps in broadside, and two 6 pounder rapid-fire guns, and ten 1-inch Nordenfeldts. Each ship carries twelve Schwartzkopff torpedoes, discharging from four tubes. The United States cruiser *Charleston* was built from the plans of the *Naniwa*, for which the United States paid Sir William Armstrong $25,000.

The *Hiyei* is a composite vessel (wooden sheathing on a frame of iron or steel). Her dimensions are: Length, 231 feet; beam, 41 feet 9 inches; draught, 17 feet 4 inches; and displacement, 2248 tons. The engines are of 2490 horse-power, driving a single screw, and giving a speed of 14 knots. The hull is protected by an armor belt $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. The armament consists of three 6.7-inch, $5\frac{1}{2}$-ton Krupp rifles, with six 5.9-inch Krupps in broadside, and four 1-inch Nordenfeldts—a very heavy battery for her displacement. Her coal capacity is 340 tons, and she has four torpedo-tubes. The *Hiyei* is a sister ship to the *Kongo*. Both were built in England, and completed in 1878.

The *Akagi* is the smallest of the Japanese fleet at Yalu; it is one of four gunboats built in Japan in the government dock-yards. The others are the *Maya*, *Atago*, and *Chokai*.

The *Akagi* is of steel, and was launched in 1888. Her dimensions are: Length, 154 feet 5 inches; beam, 27 feet; draught, 10 feet 8 inches; and displacement, 614 tons. She has twin screws, her engines are of 700 horse-power, and her speed 13 knots. The armament is one 9.45-inch forward and one 5.9-inch aft, both Krupp breech-loaders, and two Nordenfeldt 1-pounders.

VISCOUNT ENOMOTO.

Few of the public men of Japan have had a more interesting career than Viscount Enomoto Takeaki. He is a man of fine appearance and great intelligence, and was educated in Holland. He was one of the chief adherents of the last of the Tokugawa Shoguns, and fought bravely for his master against the Mikado's party, only surrendering when resistance was hopeless. A wise man, he joined the party of his former enemies, and has risen in the government service. He is a Vice-Admiral in the navy, and is generally spoken of by his naval rank. He has been Ambassador to China and Russia, and was Vice-Minister of the Foreign Office. He has held places in the Imperial Household and the Privy Council, and has been in turn Minister for Education, of the Navy, of Communications, of Foreign Affairs, and now holds the portfolio of Commerce and Agriculture.

COUNT SAIGO.

Count Saigo Tsukumichi is present Minister of the Navy, an office he has held for many years. He was a *Samurai* of the famous Satsuma clan, and won his first renown as the leader of the expedition of 1873 against Formosa. Four years later, when the Satsuma rebellion broke out, led by his elder brother, he remained faithful to the Mikado, and fought bravely and with distinction. He is now also Acting Minister of War in the absence of Count Oyama, head of the War Department, who is in the field in command of the second army.

EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U. S. Navy.

TRANSLATION OF THE JAPANESE ACCOUNT OF THE VICTORY AT YASAN.

I.

THE Chin Fung (or Seikan) was first seen and blown up; then Yasan was attacked, and the Chinese beaten, vanquished, and driven totally out of the Korean soil. Our victorious armies marched back to Seoul with proud steps, amidst triumphant songs. Our officials and our people in enthusiasm erected an arch of triumph and welcomed our brave men into the capital. It was indeed a memorable undertaking, worthy of the event.

The arch is about forty feet in its height, and of about equal breadth. It is constructed of timber and bamboo, decorated beautifully with abundant evergreens. The framed tablet, with the inscription by Minister Otori, is hung in the front. Another one, larger in size, was fixed at the rear, with the words, "The Arch of Welcome." At the left and right of the arch there stand the Korean Royal Commissioner, Li Su Yung, and the chief of the Korean military council, Tin Ching Yung. The noble personage in full uniform who stands alongside with the Koreans is his Excellency Minister Plenipotentiary Otori; he is receiving Major-General Oshima, the commander of the armies. Surrounding them we see the victorious Lieutenant-Colonel Fukushima, Major Uyehara, the Consul-General Muroda, Counsellor Motono, Consul Uchida, and the delegates of the people. The multitudes of spectators gathered themselves at the left, right, and rear, while the band stands in line under the three flying colors at the left.

The famous Wan Li Chang is situated on the centre of the hill, behind where the spectators are. It being the headquarters, the staff-officers and men under the commander Oshima are stationed there within the triangular encampment of white.

The receiving companies, under the commander Ichinoto, stand face to face in two columns at the left and right of the arch, between which the colors that were presented by the people are flying high in the air.

II.

The field artillery, the infantry in the centre, and the colors that are waving in the distance are the spoils taken at Chin Fung (or Seikan) and at Yasan—two triangular standards of the Yellow Dragon (these of Chinese generals); three triangular ones of red, with the green inscription in Chinese characters; three large colors of red; three large flags of yellow, embroidered with purple. There are many more. The total number of colors captured is twenty-seven. These banners are all of silk, and the largest one is ten feet square. More than a score of captured lances are carried by the Koreans. The large cannons, eight in number, were each drawn by two oxen, and small flags with the print, "The abandoned goods of the Chinese at the battle of Chin Fung," were planted upon each of the cannons.

III.

In the centre stand firm the rear guards of the field artillery and infantry, and a company of cavalry is at the left.

Translated by SHIZUO KONDO.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

ON a prominent point of Georgetown Heights, where the western boundary-line of Washington is traced by Rock Creek, stands a group of handsome white stone buildings to which the finishing touches have lately been put.

Two graceful domes stand out in dazzling whiteness against the deep blue of the sky, suggesting some Eastern temple or mosque; and even the effect of the "sacred grove" is not wanting, for a thick belt of woods encircles the grounds on all sides with beautiful old trees.

This is our Naval Observatory, which has within the past year been removed from its old home at the other end of Georgetown, because the fog and malaria rising from the river made the place very unhealthy. Then, too, the delicate instruments were often disturbed by the passing of heavy wagons. So a more healthy and isolated site was found on these breezy heights overlooking the city of Washington, and the broad Potomac winding among its wooded hills.

LIEUTENANT M. F. MAURY.

On the roof of the main building is a wide level walk

(another Eastern suggestion) running nearly its entire length and guarded by an iron railing; the view is beautiful from this airy promenade, which lifts you above everything but the Washington Monument, and makes the stars seem more attainable than they appear from the world below.

Just fifty-two years ago the Naval Observatory was established at Washington, and Congress appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a suitable building, which was accomplished by the untiring efforts of Lieutenant Gilliss, United States navy, and completed in 1844.

CAPTAIN F. V. McNAIR.

In October of the same year a young lieutenant named Matthew F. Maury was appointed superintendent of the new institution, and came to his duties with all the more zeal because he had heard that there was talk of placing a civilian at the head of the observatory on the plea that no one in the navy was capable of undertaking it.

Now this young Maury dearly loved his profession, and he made up his mind to prove that the navy could produce a man quite equal to the occasion. So he set to work with such enthusiasm and energy that he inspired all the officers assisting him, and in less than two years this little new-born observatory attracted the attention of Europe's astronomers by discoveries with regard to the planet Neptune, and shortly afterwards the whole maritime world was applauding "Maury's Wind and Current Charts," which made their originator one of the great benefactors of mankind, and caused him to be honored with medals and decorations from most of the crowned heads of Europe.

With one tremendous stride America's infant observatory was abreast of its full-grown rivals at Greenwich, Pulkova, and Vienna, and has held its own ever since.

These "Wind and Current Charts" created a new era in the history of sailing-vessels, by shortening the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific ports of our country from thirty to forty days, and saving millions of dollars annually to the merchant marine. Think of the difference it made in fitting out a ship for one of these long voyages to have to victual her for thirty days less, insure her for thirty days less, pay her crew thirty days less, and the immense advantage of delivering merchandise thirty days sooner!

Fifty years ago steam did not play the part it does to-day, so that these sailing charts were of incalculable benefit to trade in all parts of the world.

Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology, published in 1856 by Harper & Brothers, was pronounced by Humboldt and Quetelet to be "one of the most charming and instructive books in the English language," and was translated into French, Dutch, Swedish, Spanish, and Italian.

The fact that I am his granddaughter tempts me to speak of the labors of this young officer more than is absolutely necessary, perhaps, in this little sketch of the Naval Observatory, but my excuse must be that it was these very labors which first brought the institution into prominence, and made it a peer of the observatories of Europe.

He cultivated and gathered about him all the scientific and distinguished men of his time, and when such men as Secchi, Ehrenberg, Jansen, and other celebrated foreigners came to this country, they were always attracted to the observatory and entertained there.

Cyrus Field, Agassiz, Lieber, and Pierce were all warm friends of his, and the great Humboldt and Quetelet knew him well.

John Quincy Adams, in his old age, delighted to go to the observatory at night and have Lieutenant Maury show him some particular star through the telescope. What he loved best to see was the dawn of Venus, as he called it, meaning the gradual entrance of the planet into the field of the telescope as he watched. First a soft radiance, then a tiny little rim of light, and at last the whole bright, beautiful star.

When Cyrus Field planned his wonderful scheme for the submarine telegraph, his first step was to write to Professor Morse and Lieutenant Maury to know whether the enterprise was practicable. The former answered that if wires could be laid beneath the ocean the electric current would do its work just as well there as on land, and Maury told him that between Newfoundland and Ireland lay a plateau at the bottom of the sea which was so admirably adapted for the purpose of holding the wires and keeping them out of harm's way that it seemed as though it had been placed there for this very object. Mr. Field repeatedly applied to Maury for advice in this tremendous undertaking, and at a dinner given in New York to celebrate the first message across the Atlantic he said in his speech, "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money, and I did the work."

Maury was superintendent of the observatory from 1844 to 1861. During that time he worked with indefatigable zeal, and wrote many valuable scientific works, which were published from time to time by Harper & Brothers, and kept the American observatory constantly before the world.

The new observatory was built under the supervision of Captain McNair, its present able superintendent, who has made the place one of the most attractive spots in Washington. He is a handsome man, with charming, easy manners, and he makes a visit to the observatory an interesting and delightful experience.

The rooms where the various officers have their desks and do their work are the most delightful offices I have ever seen—large and airy, with high ceilings and broad windows, commanding a view on all sides. The furniture is of handsome light wood, and everything has that prosperous, well-kept look which is so pleasant to see. The big library is also a most attractive room, and Captain McNair says it is the finest astronomical library on this side of the Atlantic.

If you happen to make your visit to the observatory about the middle of the day you will see something very interesting going on in what they call the "time-service room," where stands the big clock that measures out the time for the whole United States as far west as Colorado. This clock does its work by electricity, and is corrected daily to the fraction of a second. It is connected with the Western Union wires, which, like the arteries in the human body, transmit every heart-beat of the pendulum to all parts of the system, so that the telegraph operators in Maine and Texas hear its regular tick-tack as distinctly as you who stand within a foot of it. There is nothing heard now but the monotonous regular beat of the pendulum. You feel somehow as though you were watching the pulse of a very sick person, and had to notice carefully the least change or irregularity. Suddenly one beat misses, and you glance inquiringly at the preoccupied face of the officer to see if anything is going wrong. "Only a preliminary signal," he says, without raising his eyes. A few seconds more and another interruption, longer than the first, calls a sort of "Attention, company!" to the waiting country. The next instant the minute-hand jerks itself to the figure 12, an electric bell rings out sharply, and the noon signal flashes over the thousands of wires centred under the officer's hand, from north to south, from east to west, from New York's great offices to lonely little stations far out on the plains. At the same moment a ball drops from its position on top of the Navy Department, the steam-whistles take up the signal all over the city, and the whole country knows that the sun has crossed the meridian.

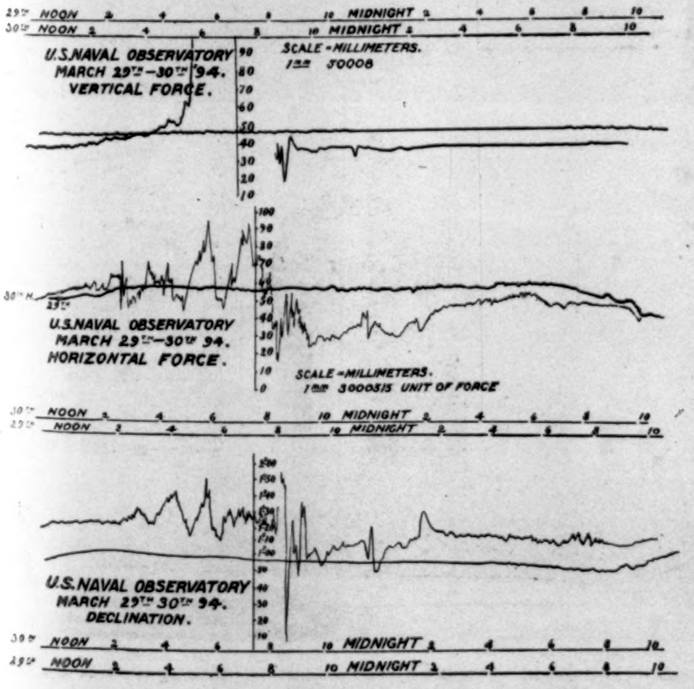
In this room are also dozens of chronometers in wooden cases undergoing discipline in order to be fit for sea service. They are tested in different degrees of heat and cold, very much as watches are regulated in the factories at Geneva, so that no matter whether the ships that carry them sail for the equator or the north pole, they will not fail to keep time.

From the time-service room you will be taken to the separate building where the great equatorial telescope lives. I say "lives," because it is such a "presence," and is so very impressive and dignified, that one cannot quite think of it as just a piece of elaborate mechanism. This great instrument is 32½ feet long, and weighs 28 tons. Its lens, or object-glass, as they call it, is 26 inches in diameter, and it is the third largest telescope in the whole world. Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, made it, and were paid $46,000 by the government.

The Lick Observatory in California heads the list, with a telescope 57 feet 10½ inches in length, and an object-glass just 10 inches larger than the one in Washington.

Next comes Pulkova, in Russia, with an object-glass 30 inches in diameter; and then Vienna, Washington, and the University of Virginia—all within an inch of each other.

The great equatorial is mounted in the centre of a large circular room, and so beautifully poised is this mighty instrument that you can move it with the least touch of your finger. The dome overhead revolves on wheels, and can be moved by the hand of a child, and the huge shutters which close the gap in the dome work with equal ease and perfection. The floor is also movable, and can be raised or lowered, so that the observer does not, as formerly, have to be hoisted up in a big chair to the proper level.

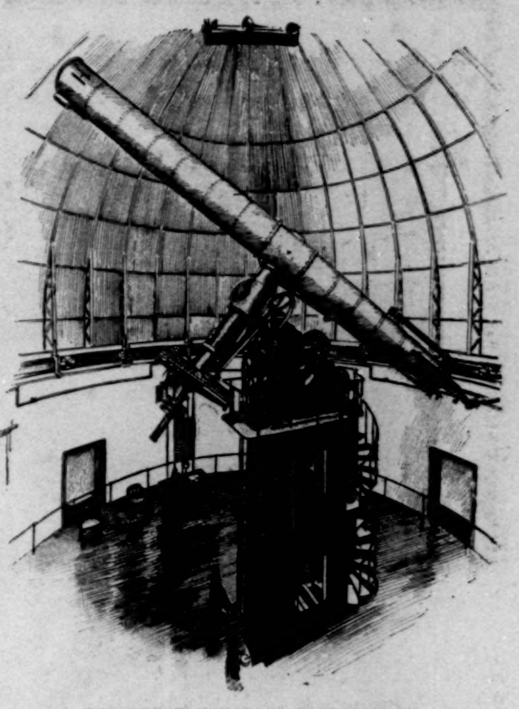


FORCE CHART.

There is something fascinating about a great instrument like this. One looks at it with awe, and thinks of what wonders it reveals to the practised eye of the astronomer—of how he can, as it were, take one bright star from its place in the firmament millions of miles away and examine it as one would a beautiful jewel, study its satellites or its rings, dream dreams about the possible inhabitants of this far-off world, and even sketch and photograph the wonderful beauties he sees.

Then there is the Magnetic Observatory, buried underground, away from atmospheric changes and disturbances—an uncanny black cavern with a queer medicinal smell in its close atmosphere, and three odd-looking bee-hive arrangements in the centre, with magnetic needles suspended inside, which, by a wonderful process that utterly baffles the mind of the uninitiated, register faithfully all disturbances such as the aurora borealis, earthquakes, thunder-storms, and other known and unknown phenomena.

It seems odd that neither earthquakes nor thunder-storms affect these mysterious needles half so much as the aurora. The officer in charge showed us a curious-looking chart upon which the deflections of the needle are recorded in wavy lines. It represented the effect of a particularly brilliant aurora one night last March. These charts are somewhat on the principle of the health chart of a trained nurse; any fluctuations above or below a certain regular scale are abnormal, and judging by the violent ups and downs on this particular chart one would think that the influence of the aurora upon the needle must be not unlike that other magnetic influence where the disturbing cause produces phenomena even more curious and interesting than the most gorgeous aurora, and the susceptible heart of man is the recording instrument which registers every vibration.



THE GREAT EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE.
Weight, 28 tons; Length, 32½ feet.

And yet I believe there is little practical result from these observations, but no one knows when a discovery will be brought about by such investigations.

These magnetic needles are so exquisitely sensitive that the officer caused one to deflect by simply passing his open penknife to and fro in the air at a short distance from the instrument enclosing it.

The temperature in this underground observatory is kept as nearly stationary as possible by means of a furnace which works automatically, and turns itself off and on as outside changes increase or diminish the amount of heat more than is desirable.

The Magnetic Observatory has a curious effect upon one's nerves. In the first place, you cannot in the least understand the mysterious-looking instruments, which give you a sort of uncomfortable feeling that they may "go off" suddenly if curiosity tempts you to go too near them. And then they register and record the works of darkness, as it were. Earthquakes and thunder-storms and auroras are such mysterious and awful things that one cannot quite help a feeling of awe when looking at instruments which actually deal with them.

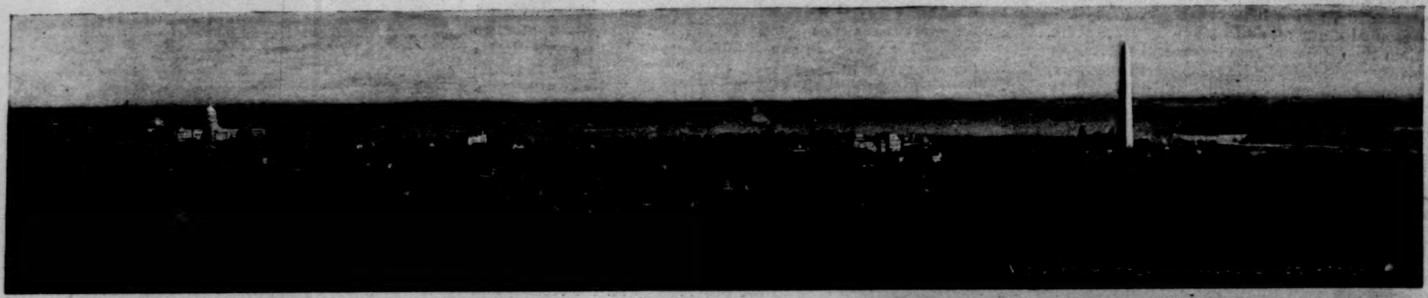
Although it is impossible for the average visitor to comprehend the details of these things, still the officers in charge of the various instruments are so clever and polite that they make you understand enough to interest you immensely; and at night, of course, an observatory is always a most fascinating place.

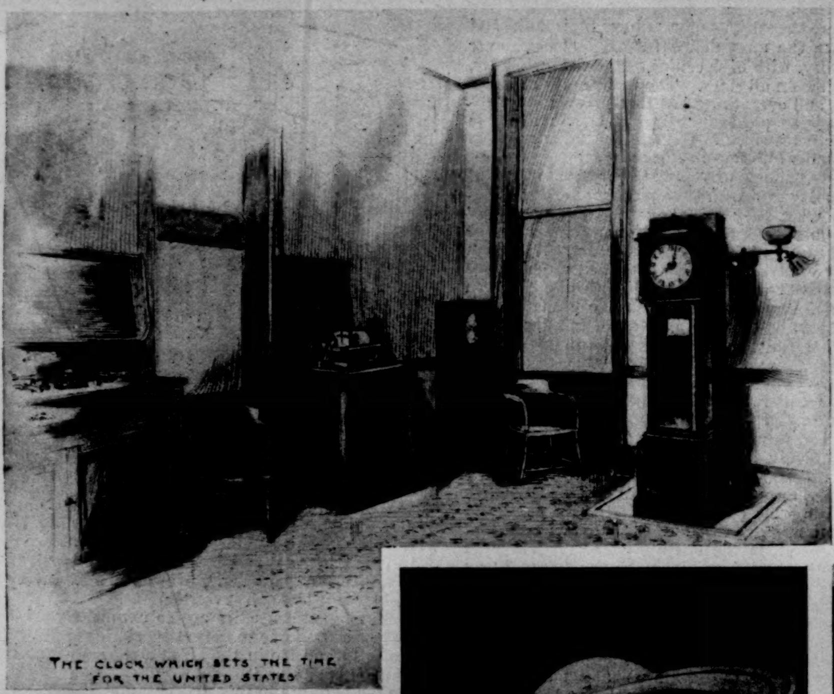
To give a full and detailed description of the Naval Observatory is quite beyond the power or intention of the writer, but I thought a short account of some of its striking features might not prove uninteresting.

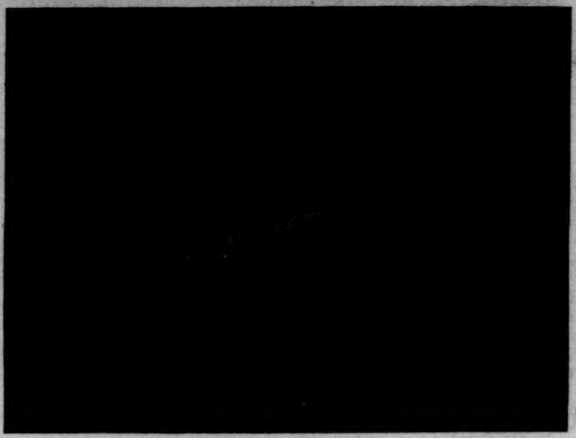
W. M. HARKNESS,
The newly appointed Superintendent.

Several years ago scientists vigorously advocated a change in the management of the Naval Observatory which would place civilian professors in complete control of the astronomical work. Under the new regulations which the Secretary has issued, a civilian, Professor Harkness, has been designated as astronomical director, charged with the responsibility for the scope, character, quality, and preparation for publication of all work purely astronomical. The administrative and nautical features of the observatory will continue under the control of naval officers, as heretofore.

NANNIE BELLE MAURY.

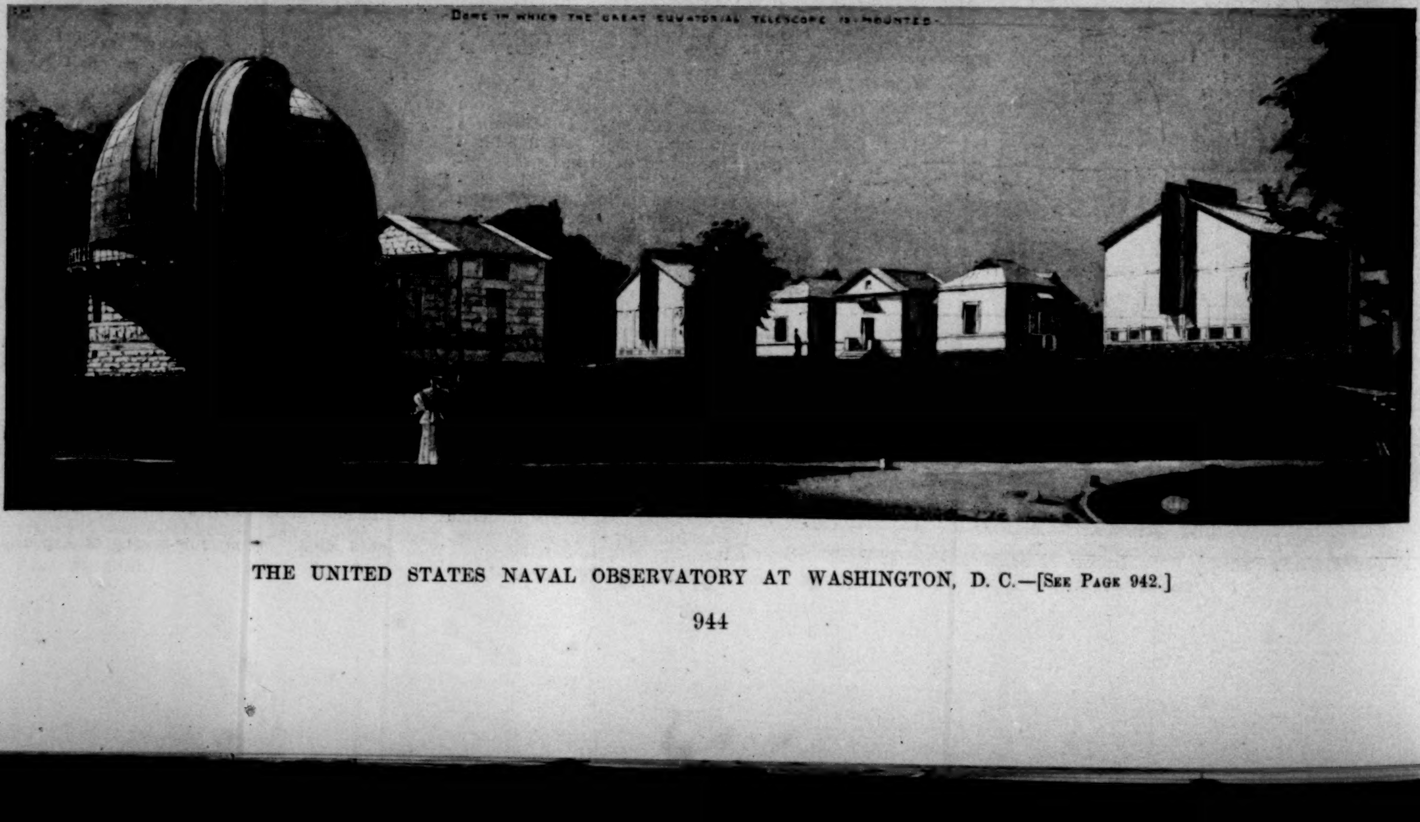



THE CLOCK WHICH SETS THE TIME FOR THE UNITED STATES

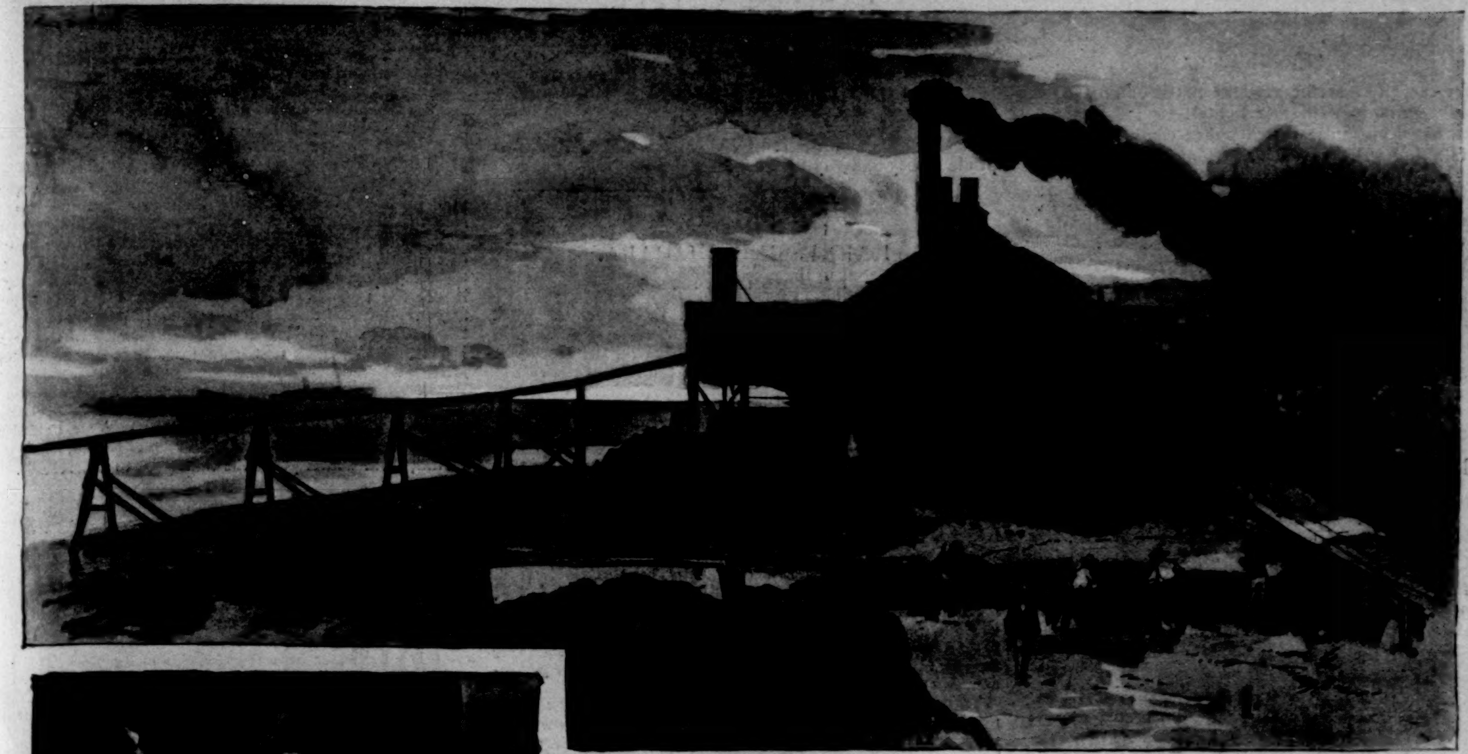


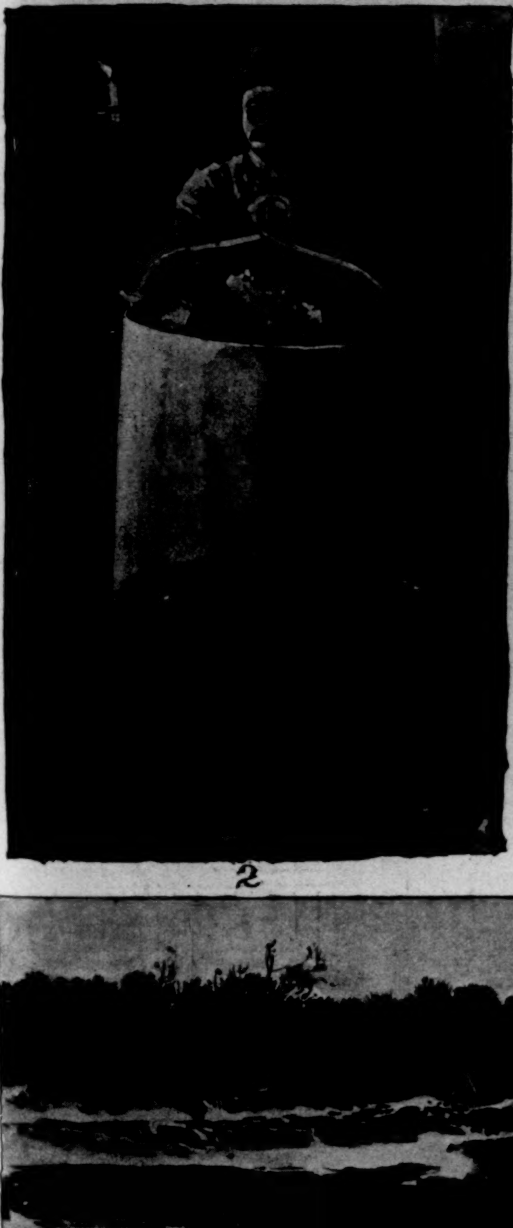
TIME SERVICE ROOM. SHOWING WESTERN UNION CONNECTING INSTRUMENT FOR CORRECTING CLOCK.

THE OBSERVATORY.


DOME IN WHICH THE GREAT EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE IS MOUNTED.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 942.]





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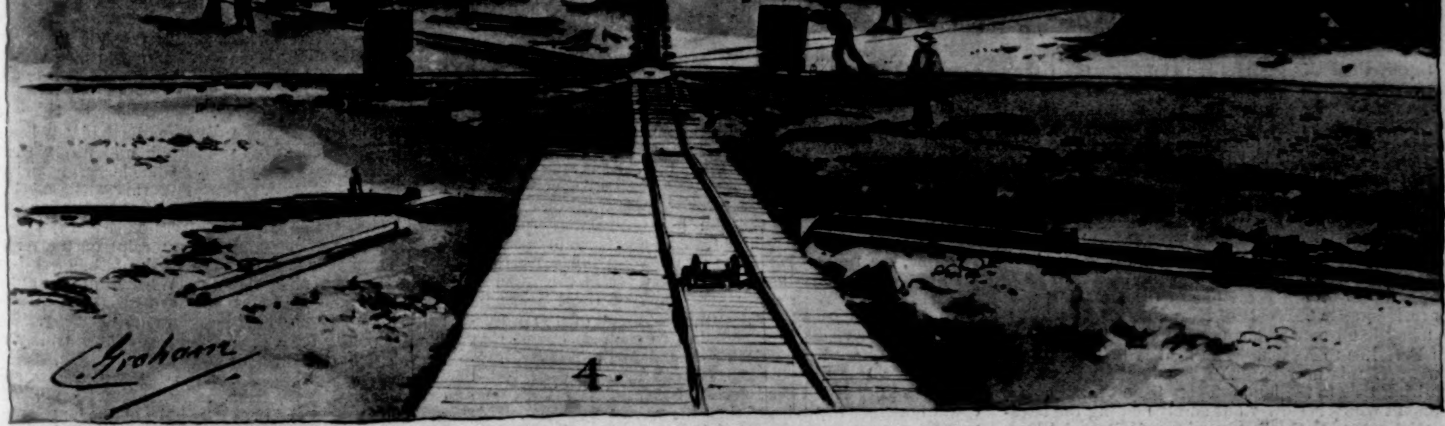


THE ASPHALT INDUSTRY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 954.]

1. The Alcatraz Refinery. 2. Bottom of Shaft in Alcatraz Rock-Asphalt Mine. 3. Hydraulic-mining at Las Conchas Mine. 4. Surface-mining of Asphalt.

SUNSET.

Oh, for the gift from heaven, the touch of fire,
The voice of some diviner Israfel!
To what deep music would I then compel
The faltering strings of my reluctant lyre!
To what pure passion might its strains inspire
The story that my strong-winged verse would tell!
Alas! what human alphabet can spell
The words that might allay the heart's desire?
But yonder in the western sky there gleams
(Between the glory and the afterglow)
A heaven of unvoiced song that, soft and low,
Makes answer to the heart's unrest, and seems
To whisper things remembered long ago—
Peace, and the sweetness of forgotten dreams.

Charlton M. Lewis.

DYNAMITING THE PALISADES.

Beginning at Fort Lee, on the New Jersey shore, opposite 160th Street, New York, running northward for forty miles along the west bank of the Hudson River, and ending in High Torn Mountain at Haverstraw, is the remarkable line of basalt cliffs known as "The Palisades of the Hudson." Most of this remarkable and picturesque geological formation lies in the State of New Jersey, very little, in fact, lying in Rockland County, New York, where it loses its distinctive wall-like features.

Basalt, of all rock formations, is most susceptible of atmospheric changes, and for centuries the vandal hand of time, aided by frost, water, and the expanding growth of the roots of trees, has been engaged in throwing down from the summits of the Palisades, several hundred feet in height, huge masses of rocks and other débris. However, the hand of nature did not destroy the picturesqueness of the grand escarpment, nor the wooded slopes that ran from the pedestal of the precipices to the water's edge.

Now, however, the grandeur of the Palisades is being destroyed by man. One of the grandest bits of natural scenery in America, and one of the chief glories of America's Rhineland, is being scarred, thrown down, and rendered hideous by the rending power of dynamite and other agencies employed by man. The grand old crags that stood in bold relief against the full red evening sky are being crushed into gravel for the purpose of forming concrete foundations for some of New York's great buildings, and for the multitudinous other uses that crushed stone is put to.

The Palisades have for nearly half a century been a great temptation to contractors, but up till a score of years ago very little quarrying was done along their base. It was then that a firm of Port Chester contractors, the Carpenter Brothers, began operations just above Fort Lee. For many years they confined their operations to the débris which nature had quarried and thrown down from the top of the cliffs. However, their operations kept widening out; they stripped the slopes of the pretty spirelike flat cedars and firs, and soon had a stretch for fully quarter of a mile in length along the river, back to the foot of the cliff, as bare of verdure as if it had been scarred by fire. Then they began to tunnel into the cliff at the base, running a tunnel in for fully fifty feet, and then lateral tunnels at each side for nearly two hundred feet each way. These tunnels they would charge with dynamite, and fairly rend the entire mountain apart. On September 15th last they set off a blast of four thousand pounds, fully two tons of dynamite, tearing off the face of the Palisades for nearly two hundred feet front, fifty feet back into the rock, and over one hundred feet in height. This blast utterly destroyed the magnificent profile of what appeared to be the recumbent form of an Indian, and which has been known as the "Slumbering Mohican," "Uncas's Head," and the "Delaware Chief" to tourists for fully a century.

Carpenter Brothers are not the only contractors who are engaged in destroying the glories of the Palisades, as further up, at East Englewood and at various points, the naturally grand and picturesque scenery is being destroyed and rendered hideous by other firms of contractors. When the stone is once blown down by dynamite it is fed into the rapacious jaws of the crushers, and comes out as the commercial product known as "crushed stone," of various sizes and grades. Carpenter Brothers have three crushers working at Fort Lee, with a capacity of 6000 cubic yards of stone a day, and they calculate that if they are run to their full capacity every working day for the next two years they will have enough stone to feed their crushers without putting in any further blasts than short ones to break up the bowlders thrown down by the big blast. By this it will be seen that the great blast of September 15th threw out for them 3,756,000 cubic yards of stone.

Before they put in another blast, however, it is very likely that the State of New Jersey will take some action to preserve the Palisades from further desecration and destruction. State Geologist John Smock, of Trenton, has formulated a plan which he will soon lay before Governor Werts, proposing a commission like that created by the Massachusetts Legislature, known as the "Metropolitan Park Commission," who have the right to inspect and condemn land in any part of the State for park purposes where it is thought desirable to preserve scenic features. It is then designed to turn the top of the Palisades and the slopes to the river's edge into a State park or forestry preserve, to be held forever inviolate from the vandal hand of man. A special committee of the Board of Managers of the State Geological Survey are now investigating the titles to the land, and gathering facts which will be incorporated into Geologist Smock's forth-coming report. It is expected that State Senator Henry D. Winton, of Bergen County, will introduce some recommendations to the Legislature when it meets next week to set aside the Palisades as a State preserve.

There is no question but that the elevated plateau along the top of the Palisades is one of the most beautiful spots for a park, and will soon become one of the most desirable places for residences in the State of New Jersey. Even now there are many handsome residences along the bluff, all the way from Fort Lee to Nyack. The land is held at a very high figure, and this may be one thing in the way of the State acquiring title to the land. There is no question that the defacement which is slowly but surely making the beautiful Palisades resemble the barren crags of Tierra del Fuego, in the Strait of Magellan, should be stopped, no matter what the cost. In 1874 a law was passed making it a misdemeanor to paint signs on the Palisades. This law, however, did not affect any private rights, and only stopped the wandering sign-painters of patent-medicine firms from plying their trade; but in the present case, when attempts are made to stop quarrying, proprietary rights are brought into question, and the only way to stop the Palisades from being ground up into gravel to form a rock-bottom foundation for lower New York is for the State of New Jersey to appropriate money and buy the land for a public park.

Henry Balch Ingram.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

By JNO. GILMER SPEED.

Several years ago I described in this paper the work then in progress at Niagara Falls for utilizing some part of the immense power that goes to waste over the great cataract. Engineers have estimated that the total water-power of Niagara Falls is seven million horse-power. This estimate, to be sure, is in the main only a guess, but when the area drained into the lakes above Lake Ontario, and passing through the Niagara River be considered, the guess or estimate does not seem to be too large. The water surface of the Great Lakes above Ontario is 84,000 square miles, and the water-shed of these lakes is 240,000 square miles—more than twice the area of Great Britain and Ireland. The total length of shore-line is 5000 miles, while the volume of water is 6000 cubic miles, of which Lake Superior contains almost one-half. The rate of outflow at Buffalo is from 217,000 to 275,000 cubic feet per second, while the fall of the cataract is 165 feet. The volume of water in the lakes is such that it has been estimated that even if no rain fell the flow of the river would be continued at its present rate for one hundred years—that is, if the lakes could be gradually drained.

These are very large figures, but in the main they are the results of exact measurements. The small water-powers in the world are uneven, and are affected by floods and droughts, but this great power at Niagara is as constant as anything in this world can be, not even the ice in the severest and longest winter ever known appreciably changing it. The present plant is intended only to utilize 125,000 horse-power, and the turbines now in place are only for a small part of this. Other turbine wheels will be put in place as the demand for the power grows. The general plan of the company contemplates the ultimate use of 450,000 horse-power on the American side and a like amount in Canada. Such a power would turn all the wheels within a radius of five hundred miles of the Falls. At the present time a considerable part of the power developed is to be taken to Buffalo by electric transmission, and it is the confident expectation of the electricians now at work on the problem that the power can be taken as far east as Albany, three hundred miles away, and delivered there cheaper than power can be generated by burning coal. If this be so, then all the country between Albany and the Falls will be admirably adapted for manufacturing, while the Erie Canal will afford cheap and tolerably quick transportation, for there seems to be little difficulty in the way of hauling these boats by electrical power.

The water is not fed to the turbines directly from the river, but by means of a canal 1300 feet long, 100 to 180 feet wide, and some 12 feet deep. It was desirable to control the flow of the water so that its speed would always be the same. This canal, built of solid masonry, does this admirably, and when 100,000 horse-power is used the greatest velocity of flow in the canal will be only a fraction more than four feet per second. From the canal the water flows through steel shafts or penstocks into the turbines, which are the largest in the world, each one of them having a capacity of 5000 horse-power. From the turbines the water is discharged into a channel at the bottom of the wheel-pit, from which it flows into the main tunnel, and is returned to Niagara River at the Portal just below the upper suspension-bridge.

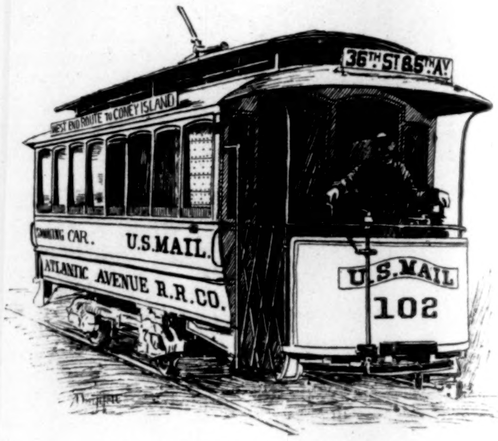
The wheel-pit is cut into the solid rock, and is 178 feet deep, 21 feet wide, and at present 140 feet long. When it is continued to its full length, as planned, it will provide for ten inlets, and be about 400 feet long. The tunnel, which is nothing more than the greatest tail-race ever constructed is 7000 feet long, and lined through its entire length with vitrified brick—a total of 13,000,000 bricks having been used. In size it is 21 feet high, and 18 feet wide at the centre, and 14 feet wide at the bottom. The grade is from four to seven feet to the thousand, which is fall enough to carry off the water swiftly without creating destructive friction. There were several difficult engineering problems in the construction of this tunnel, but all were satisfactorily solved.

There are several companies interested in this work, though all of them are so related to the parent company that in effect they are but one. Therefore it is not improper to speak of the company when one of the subsidiary companies is really the owner. For instance, the company has acquired 1600 acres of land; of this 1071 acres belongs to the land company, and is intended for mill sites for manufactories. Then there is a development company owning 340 acres, which is to be used for houses for operatives and so forth. But, as said before, these companies are so interdependent that in effect they are only one. The completion of this work is the addition of one of the greatest of commercial achievements to the long list of American successes. It took courage of a kind which capitalists are generally supposed not to have to induce them to put money into so great an undertaking. The first white man who put on record the fact that he had seen the great Falls also recorded the thought that this was the greatest water-power in the world, and should be put to the use of man. Through the intervening hundreds of years nearly every man who has seen the Falls has had a similar thought. It is true that for many years past the power has been used in a very small way, but it has practically all gone to waste till now. The persistence of one young man has brought the present condition of development about. Allusion is made to W. P. Rankine, the present secretary of the company. Mr. Rankine was a few years ago a young lawyer in the town of Niagara Falls. With other gentlemen of the locality he went into a company for the development of the water-power. The scheme was scoffed at to such an extent that nearly all the original projectors abandoned it, but Mr. Rankine never lost his patience, his courage. He succeeded at length in enlisting the interest of men in New York who could influence capital, and then the work was begun. This was four years ago. Mr. Rankine can now well afford to laugh at those who treated his sublime project with scorn. To do great deeds like this a man needs great capacity, together with aggressive energy, tireless patience, sure knowledge, and a robust imagination.

THE TROLLEY MAIL-CAR IN BROOKLYN.

The trolley mail-car is one of Brooklyn's novelties, and is perhaps the latest useful development of postal service.

When Brooklyn's boundaries were so greatly enlarged after the last election the question of giving adequate service in the suburban district was one of those which the new postmaster, Mr. Andrew T. Sullivan, found awaiting solution, and after some cogitation he decided to experiment with the trolley. The route chosen was from the basement of the post-office on Adams Street to Coney Island. As yet there is no means of making a through trip on the car that leaves the post-office. It only runs as far as Thirty-sixth Street, where the mails are transferred to another car. Here the real work of the postal clerk who is aboard the mail-car begins. As he flies out from the depot of the Brooklyn, Bath, and West-End Railway, he plunges into the New Brooklyn, a region of farms with hamlets and villages scattered here and there. He receives and delivers mail at these stations: West Brooklyn, Blythebourne, Van Pelt Manor, Bath Beach, Bensonhurst, Gravesend Beach, and Coney Island, from which point the mail goes to Gravesend.



THE NEW POSTAL CAR.

The clerk on the car opens the pouches as they come aboard, and if, for instance, he receives at West Brooklyn mail for an office a mile away, he includes it in the pouch he puts off there. He is assisted by the fact that the postmasters carefully sort out the local mail and put it in the mouths of their sacks. This mail was formerly conveyed to the main office in Brooklyn, and there sorted and sent to its destination. Thus letters for West Brooklyn from Blythebourne, which is only a mile distant, would travel about fifteen miles before reaching their destination, and would be more than twenty-four hours on their travels. Now the longest delay between mailing and delivery is not more than four hours, except in the night-time, and a letter may reach its destination fifteen minutes after it is posted.

The trolley mail-car makes three round trips per day. It began work on August 8th, in charge of a clerk detailed from the mailing division of the post-office. From the outset the service was successful, and Mr. Sullivan is now at work devising means of establishing other trolley mail-cars to serve other strings of villages and hamlets scattered over the farms that are within Brooklyn's borders. The postmaster has discovered that it is possible to cover every station of Brooklyn by means of mail-cars on the trolley lines, and in all parts of the city more than two miles from the post-office they will be used to aid and supplement the carrier service.

INTERIOR OF THE TROLLEY MAIL-CAR.

It is claimed for the trolley mail-car that it has greatly improved and simplified the suburban mail service, and that there is a great gain by its means in the safety and security of registered matter. Formerly this was sent in closed pouches on open cars in charge of employés of the railroad; now it is solely in charge of the post-office clerk, who pouches it as he goes along, and gets a receipt on the return trip. Another gain is made by the work of the clerk in sorting the mail as the car flies along. When he arrives at the main office in Brooklyn almost all the mail he has picked up is ready to go forward without further handling. The mail for New York from the suburbs, where the trolley mail-car runs, is delivered an hour earlier by its means.

Postal authorities all over the country are watching the experiment with the trolley. Some big cities, like Chicago, have sent representatives, who have gone over the route with Mr. Charles Lyon, the Superintendent of Mails. Chicago's enormous suburbs are pierced in all directions by the trolley, and there is little doubt that the Brooklyn idea transplanted there will flourish. It is also likely to be adopted in serving the suburbs of New York.

Sydney Reid.

CLEANSING THE STREETS OF PARIS.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.—ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS J. RHEAD.

SWEEPERS GOING TO WORK.

DESPITE its rather poor natural facilities for drainage and for disposal of garbage, Paris is probably the cleanest large city in the world. Even the walls of its buildings, private as well as public, are required by law to be painted or otherwise renovated at regular intervals, while its streets are perpetually swept and scrubbed till their surface is the wonder and admiration of beholders in general and of visitors from the Western hemisphere in particular. Manifestly the average Parisian is largely imbued with love of cleanliness, whatever his shortcomings regarding the virtue alleged to rank next above it. But love of cleanliness, even with love of comfort added, will not fully explain the extraordinary attention bestowed upon the exterior of Paris. Love of the beautiful supplies the missing motive. The Parisian regards the parks and boulevards of his beloved city as among its distinctively artistic features. He speaks of the Place de la Concorde, for example, as "one of the most beautiful creations of modern art," and of favorite boulevards as component details of a system "illustrating the clear and solid tendency of French art as developed soon after the Renaissance," and the like. Imagine the average New-Yorker considering his parks and streets in such a light as that! Why, most New-Yorkers seemed but little disturbed when it was suggested, not very long ago, that an elevated railroad should be built along the Western Boulevard, almost the only extensive avenue in the older portion of the city that has considerable artistic possibilities, let alone realities. Under corresponding conditions the average Parisian would faint at such a suggestion. But, after all, utilitarianism must of necessity precede æstheticism. Art is long, and the Western metropolis is young. Doubtless when our municipality is as old as Paris now is (that will be about the year 4000!) we shall be as artistic, as proud of our streets, and as clean—though this last seems from the present standpoint impossible—as Paris is to-day.

In the mean time the method by which Paris is kept clean may advantageously be considered by the residents of New York and other cities that by lack of method are kept filthy. A tangible idea of the magnitude of the problem may perhaps be gained from the statement that the pavements of Paris cover in the aggregate an area equal to that of a field a mile wide and more than five miles long—a field, that is to say, of some 3500 acres. Much the larger portion of this street surface is paved with stone blocks; but, as elsewhere, macadamized and asphalt surfaces are substituted on many streets, and of late pavements of wooden blocks have come into vogue, finding favor in particular in the vicinity of school buildings and wherever else noiseless traffic is especially to be desired. The stone pavement is by far the most economical, as it costs on an average but 76 centimes per square metre annually to keep it in repair, while the asphalt surface costs 2 francs, the macadamized, 2 francs 17 centimes, and the wood, 2 francs 80 centimes. The aggregate annual cost of keeping all pavements in repair is two million dollars. This has no reference to cleaning the streets, but only to putting them in readiness for traffic. It is a most essential preliminary, however, as the streets could not possibly be kept clean if they were not also kept in perfect repair.

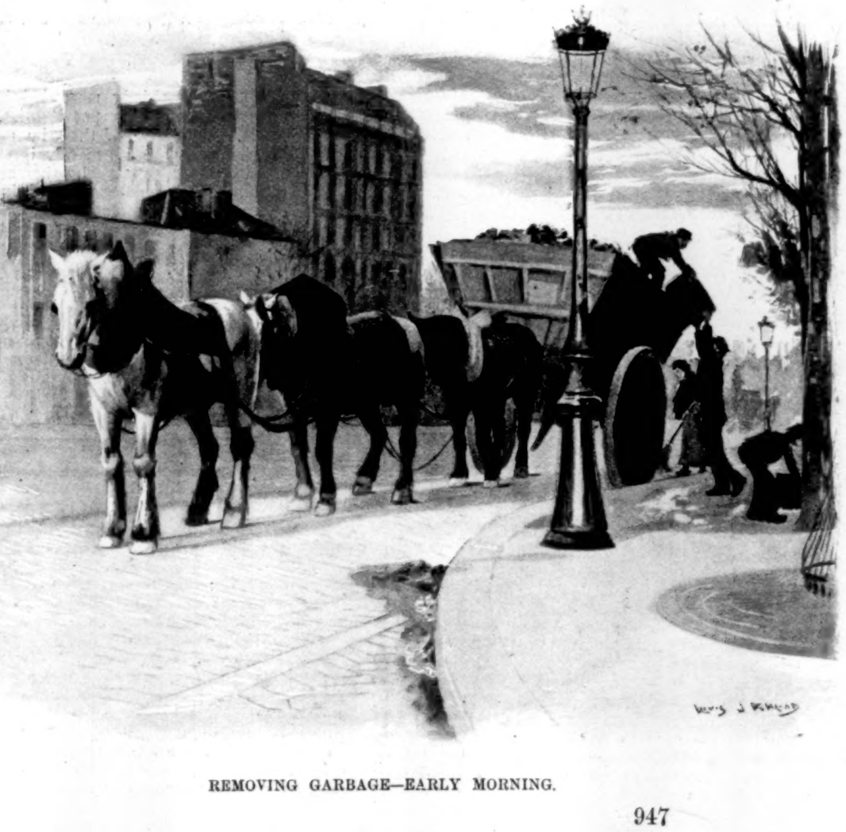
The refuse demanding the attention of the street-cleaning department of Paris, as of any other great city, may be divided, speaking generally, into two classes—(1), pavement garbage, caused largely by the traffic of 100,000 horses and about three millions of people, and (2), ash-barrel garbage, by which term may be described such waste products of indoor living as cannot be removed *viâ* the sewers, but must be carted off through the streets. Unlike New York and most other cities, Paris handles these two kinds of garbage according to different systems. For convenience of description the one may be spoken of as the street-cleaning system, the other as the scavenger system. The duties of the street-cleaning system are to sweep the streets, depositing all suitable matter in the sewers, and collecting that unsuited for such disposal in piles convenient for removal, and to sprinkle, wash, and in general supervise the pavement surface. The duty of the scavenger service is to remove the ash-barrel garbage, together with such bulkier portion of the pavement garbage as cannot properly be swept into the sewers. The sewers themselves, which, as everybody knows, are unique in point of size and in many ways wonderful, have only an incidental interest in the present connection, though of course as accessories of the street-cleaning service they are absolutely essential, and their importance in the general sanitation of the city cannot be overestimated.

When it is said that the entire pavement surface of Paris is swept clean every morning, and that to accomplish this only 3200 men are employed at most, and a large proportion of these only for a few hours each day, it hardly needs saying that the work of the street-cleaning service is conducted in a most systematic way. The plan adopted is, however, extremely simple. For purposes of street-cleaning the city has been divided into 150 districts, called "ateliers." Each atelier is presided over by an official known as a "cantonnier," who is held responsible for the proper care of all streets in his territory. Such a force of subordinate employés and such machinery and apparatus are provided as experience has proved necessary. The "cantonniers" and their chief subordinates are salaried officials (at from 100 to 125 francs per month), and give their entire time to the service; the other employés are paid by the hour (strong men receiving 32 to 37 centimes, and "women, children, and weak men from 25 to 30 centimes"), and, as a rule, are employed only during the morning hours.

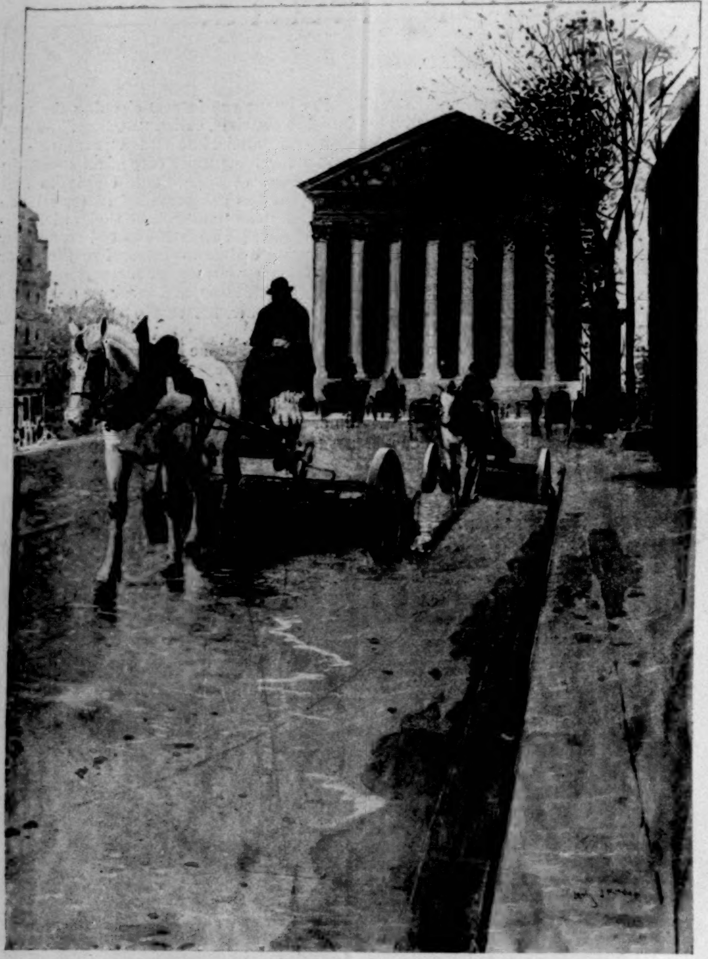
The main body of the work is done by sweeping-machines, each drawn by a single horse, the work of hand-brooms being only supplementary. The order of procedure is practically the same in all parts of the city and over all kinds of pavements. Summer and winter the work begins at 4 A.M. In advance goes a watering-machine to settle the dust. This is followed in narrow streets by a single machine, and in wider ones by two or even three machines in succession, the foremost one nearest the centre of the street. Such a cavalcade passing up one side of a street and back the other shifts all the surface garbage of that street into the gutters on either side, while a single man following flushes the gutters, and directs all but the bulkier portions of the garbage into the sewer openings, situated at short intervals between the hydrants. Such a cavalcade is equivalent to a small army of hand-sweepers, it being estimated that each machine does the work of twelve men—that is to say, of twelve Parisians, each of whom is supposed to sweep 500 square metres in an hour. Just what the equivalent of a machine would be in terms of the doughy-muscled time-servers employed in New York's farcical street-cleaning service it would be hazardous to guess. Each cohort of watering-carts and sweeping-machines has, of course, its definite district to cover, and so accurately are these apportioned that all the different cohorts finish at practically the same time. By about 8.30 the entire city has been swept, and the detritus worn from the pavements by thousands of hoofs and wheels the day and night before is being carried harmlessly on through the great sewers to the Seine, instead of hurtling on every chance gust into the face of the wayfarer, as does the dust of less-favored cities.

AVENUE DE BRETEUIL AND TOMB OF NAPOLEON, SHOWING THE MODE OF SWEEPING A WIDE AVENUE.

The regular morning sweeping accomplished, the work of the permanent employés of the department varies somewhat in different regions and with varying seasons. In some regions the sweeping-machines make a second tour, in the afternoon, supplemented now by a larger corps of hand-sweepers, since the traffic makes their work less uniform and complete than in the early morning hours. Asphalt pavements must be freely sprinkled with sand to prevent horses from slipping, this being especially necessary because an ordinance that aims to protect the pavement from needless wear requires all horses to be smooth shod. But the most important work of all, from a hygienic stand-point at any rate, is the constant sprinkling of all the streets with water during dry weather. Here again there is a delightful contrast to the New York method, according to which the grateful shower of the sprinkler, far from falling for just and unjust alike, seeks out with most unorthodox discrimination the abodes of those fortunates alone who are able to pay for the privilege to private contractors. In Paris street-sprinkling is not an individual enterprise but a public function, and water everywhere seems free as air. The sprinkling is accomplished in part by horse-carts of familiar pattern (of which 370 are utilized in summer), but in part also by hand-carts, and very largely by hose attached directly to hydrants. The last is by far the most economical method, and one-third of the entire street surface is sprinkled in this way. In addition to the constant sprinkling, the entire road-bed is inundated from the hydrants at regular intervals, varying from one to three days. All gutters are flushed twice every day. Thus the entire street surface of the great city is actually washed clean at regular intervals, as no New-Yorker ever dreamed of seeing his city washed, except at the fitful pleasure of Jupiter Pluvius. This free use of water, by which the germ-laden dust is prevented at all times from



REMOVING GARBAGE—EARLY MORNING.



SWEEPING NEAR THE MADELEINE (WOOD PAVEMENT).

permeating the atmosphere, is a hygienic measure of such importance that it deserves to rank as the most admirable feature of a marvellously efficient street-cleaning system.

The entire street-cleaning system just described is conducted directly by the municipality as such, and all persons employed in this service are paid directly from the city treasury. Such is not the case with the scavenger service, by which all bulkier garbage is removed. For this service also the city is districted, but there the parallel ceases, as the person in charge of each district is not in any proper sense an employé of the city, but only a contractor in its service. Contracts for this work are let to the lowest responsible bidder for terms of three years. The garbage becomes the property of the contractor, and, within certain restrictions specified in the contract, he is free to remove it in his own way, employing whom he will to do the actual work as freely as if it were a purely individual enterprise. While these two systems are thus radically different in details—one introducing the socialistic and the other the individualistic principle—yet they are not, after all, so wide apart as might at first thought appear, inasmuch as each rests on the sound principle of divided and accurately traceable responsibility. The cantonnier has practically the same power over his district in all that pertains to street-sweeping, sprinkling, and the like, that the contractor has over his in regard to the removal of bulky garbage, and in practice it seems to make little difference that the subordinates of the one are employed by the city, those of the other quite independently of the city authorities. Needless to say, however, it would make a very great difference in a city where a partisan spoils system governed municipal appointments.

That there should be this separation of the scavenger service from the regular street-cleaning service seems an anomaly, but it is one that is easily explained. It grows out of the fact that the bulkier garbage, which is handled exclusively by the scavenger service, has a commercial value. It is hauled to the suburbs of the city, and sold for fertilizing purposes to farmers. Not long ago the contractors who handled this garbage paid the city for the privilege of removing it, as it could be sold at a profit. But of late the growing city has so encroached upon suburban farms that the market for fertilizers near the city is restricted, and hauling to a distance is so expensive as to take away all profit. Hence, though the garbage is still handled and disposed of in all other respects as before, the city is now obliged to pay the contractors instead of receiving pay from them. The entire cost to the city, however, of removing garbage, which aggregates about a million tons yearly, is only about $400,000.

The official scavenger system in operation is so simple as to require but a few words of explanation. At 6.30 A.M. in summer, and 7 in winter, the garbage-wagons start on their respective routes. Each wagon patrols on an average a district inhabited by 3500 persons. They are monster vehicles, each drawn by two or three horses hitched tandem, and they contrast strangely with the diminutive carts used for a similar purpose in New York. With each wagon are four men—a driver, an emptier, and two lifters—and a woman follows with a broom to complete the work. So expeditiously is the work effected that by 9.30 each morning the entire mass of garbage not claimed by the sewers is on its way to the suburbs. For the most part it is hauled to its destination in the wagons in which it was collected.

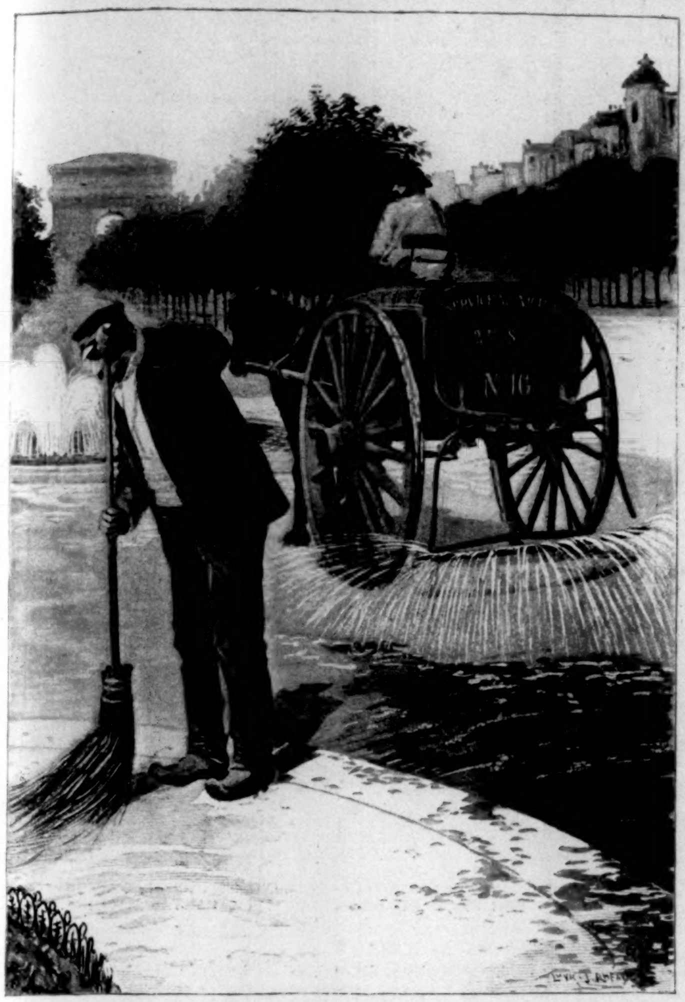
SWEEPING THE GUTTERS.

While the official scavenger service of the city is thus simplicity itself, there is a supplementary, unofficial service that is much more complicated, and which deserves especial notice, because it is in all respects the most picturesque element in the entire street-cleaning system. The half-tramp garbage-gleaner who searches ash-barrels for scraps of possible value is a familiar figure in every city, but in Paris this individual has developed and systematized his calling till it is fairly entitled to rank as a trade. There are no fewer than 41,000 persons in the city who follow this calling. They are known as "biffins," or "chiffonniers," and they regard their trade as a perfectly legitimate and honorable one. Indeed, there are various ranks or grades even in this humble calling, and, ridiculous as it seems, the tyro must serve an apprenticeship before being regularly admitted to the title of professional cantonnier. During this stage of apprenticeship the novitiate wanders about the streets at night, securing such gleanings as he may, but being chiefly rewarded by the experience gained as to different localities and their possibilities, and as to tricks and methods of the trade. In course of time he gains acquaintance with some professional gleaners, who ultimately introduce him to one of the "cities" where the chiffonniers live by themselves, usually presided over by a proprietor, who furnishes the lodgings and purchases the gleanings. The novitiate, now become a professional, is no longer known as a simple "ramasseur de nuit," or night picker, but has mounted to the rank of "coureur," or habitual runner. He is now equipped in the regular way, with "dorser," lantern, and "crochet" (hook), and is instructed in the regular methods of the trade, working only at daybreak, when the ash barrels and boxes are set out upon the sidewalks. In course of time the coureur acquires by right of custom a regular territory, his exclusive right to glean in which is respected by his fellow-chiffonniers. He has now reached the highest grade in his profession, and is known as a "placeur," or placeman. So well observed is the unwritten law that gives the placeur an exclusive right in his territory that he may even sell his privilege—sometimes, in a favored locality, receiving from ten to forty dollars in return—and the rights of the purchaser will be similarly recognized. This might at first thought appear to be a case of honor among thieves, but such a reflection does the chiffonnier injustice, for as a rule these gleaners are not thieves. On the contrary, they are credited with rather an unusual degree of honesty, and it is said that they frequently restore to their rightful owners such articles of considerable value as accidentally find their way into the garbage-boxes.

RAG-GATHERERS CROSSING THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, 7 A.M.

The gleanings that are the legitimate spoil of the chiffonnier cover a wide range of articles, the chief of which are old paper (including books and pasteboard), ropes and thread, wadding and cotton, rags of all sorts, metals, remnants of earthen-ware, horse-hair, human hair, horn, fragments of whalebone, cork, India-rubber, bones, grease, old leather and rabbit-skins, and bread crusts. It gives one a curious sense of the degree to which diversification of industries is carried in an old civilization to learn that for each of these different classes of refuse articles there are purchasers who are specialists in that line alone, handling nothing else. For example, there are fifty merchants who handle nothing but old rags, and twenty firms, some of them of considerable importance, that purchase only scraps of paper.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.



WATERING THE ROAD—AVENUE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES (MACADAM PAVEMENT).

EARLY MORNING—AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.

It has been estimated that the gleanings of the placeur bring him sometimes as much as fifty cents a day, and that the majority of coureurs realize thirty cents a day, while even the apprentice or night runner may make twenty cents a day. The total sum received annually by the entire army of chiffonniers for the gleanings rescued by them from the garbage-boxes is estimated to exceed $5,200,000—about three times the sum expended by the city on its entire street-cleaning department. The gross weight of the material rescued by the chiffonniers daily, and through their efforts restored to channels of usefulness, is estimated at about 1250 tons. When it is understood that this is all material of which the contractors who own the entire mass of the garbage would make no use whatever—most of it, indeed, being of such a nature as to detract from the value of the garbage for purposes of fertilization—it will be seen that the work of the unofficial gleaners has a more than respectable degree of economic usefulness, and the pride with which the chiffonnier regards his "profession" seems in a measure justified.

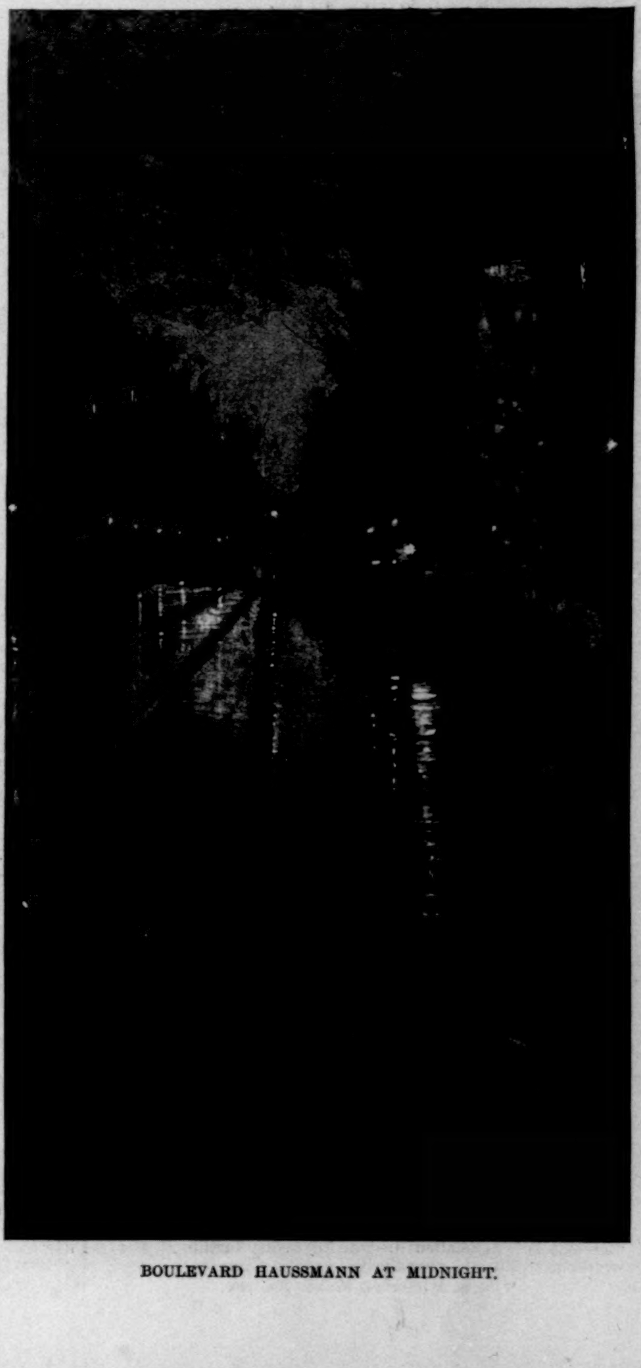
While the street-cleaning department of Paris, with its various official sub-departments and its unofficial accessories, attains a degree of efficiency under all ordinary conditions approaching perfection, there is at least one contingency that it has not learned to fully cope with. When at long intervals there comes a heavy fall of snow, the machinery of street-cleaning is for the moment clogged, and the authorities are sorely distressed. A partial solution of the difficulty has been reached in the suggestion that salt be sprinkled on the snow to facilitate thawing, and large quantities of salt are now kept on hand for this purpose. This is a costly expedient, however, and its efficiency when applied on a large scale has not yet been demonstrated. But, after all, snow falls in large quantities so infrequently in Paris that the question of its removal can hardly be considered a serious, even if it is an unsolved problem. To the outsider it might even seem that a few days of discomfort from this source, at intervals of several years, might rather be regarded as serving the useful purpose of teaching the public to appreciate by contrast the delightful cleanliness of their streets under all other conditions.

To the New-Yorker who contemplates the harmonious systems by which Paris is made clean each morning before the breakfast-time of the average Parisian, there must come by antithesis a painful vision of the methods followed and results achieved by the street-cleaning department of his own city. The results are patent: Paris is clean; New York is—not clean. As to details of method, it would perhaps be unfair to press the comparison too far, the conditions of the tasks set the street-cleaning departments of the two cities are so diverse. Paris has the advantage of mild winters, relatively free from frost and snow; also of an inexhaustible water supply, and a matchless system of sewers. But, on the other hand, New York has unexampled natural facilities for drainage, and for sewage and garbage disposal, in that it lies on a relatively narrow strip of land, with an arm of the sea at either elbow; and it would seem that these incalculable advantages of location ought to far more than outweigh any disadvantageous climatic conditions.

It may be freely conceded, however, that there is one condition imposed upon the street-cleaning department of New York that insuperably bars the work of that department from successful competition with that of the Parisian authorities. This is the fact that the road-beds of the average streets in New York, only passable or worse in the first instance, are allowed to go unrepaired till their condition is wretched. To make such streets clean in the sense in which the streets of Paris are clean would be impossible; but they might be, and ought to be, made approximately clean—as they never are.

It would be quite useless, however, to seek an explanation of the difference in efficiency between the street-cleaning departments of Paris and New York in the diversity of conditions, natural or artificial, existing in the two cities. The real explanation is to be found only in the difference of principle underlying the operation of the two departments. These principles are not at all difficult to fathom. They may be correctly deduced from observation of the most humble sweepers in there spective services. The Parisian sweeper moves as if he had some definite task to accomplish. He has energy, facility, efficiency. Plainly he is hired to help clean the streets. The average New York sweeper creeps wearily along the street, usually moving against the wind, as if determined that such dust as he stirs at all shall be instantly rescattered, and on no account gathered in piles to tax the muscles of the garbage-gatherer. It requires no unusual insight to discover that he is a time-server, who cannot have been selected because of his fitness for the work in hand. A slight investigation would show why he was selected. The law requires that he shall be a citizen; custom demands that he shall be a faithful follower of the dominant political party. In a word, he has been selected not because of efficiency as a street-cleaner, but be-

WASTE-PAPER-GATHERERS RETURNING HOME AT 6.30 A.M.



BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN AT MIDNIGHT.

SCAVENGERS SEARCHING GARBAGE-CANS BEFORE WAGON ARRIVES.

FLUSHING THE GUTTERS—SHOWING THE MODE OF TURNING THE FLOW BY MEANS OF THICK CANVAS BAGGING.

cause of usefulness at the polls. To secure and maintain his position he requires not energy but "inflooence"; if he is to work his way to better positions in the service he must have not push, but "pull."

This, then, is the fundamental difference between the Parisian and the New York systems of street-cleaning. The authorities of Paris desire and demand that the street-cleaning department shall give them clean streets; the authorities of New York demand that the street-cleaning department, like every other department of municipal government, shall give them—patronage. While this continues so—that is to say, while Tammany continues to rule the city—we may look toward Paris with envy, but not with hope of emulation, for no amount of money placed in coffers controlled by Tammany will suffice to give our streets that degree of cleanliness which public health and public comfort require, and which, were our better citizens less absorbed in their own immediate personal affairs, and more sensible of their duties as voters, public sentiment would imperatively demand.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXII.—(*Continued.*)

A CELEBRITY AT HOME.

THE child stumbled shyly into the room, the tin-whistle clasped distrustfully to his breast—a pathetic, anæmic little figure with flaxen curls and big gray eyes that easily brimmed over with tears. He wore serge knickerbockers, and the rest of him aped the sailor, picturesquely enough, though the curls were an incongruity that troubled the painter's eye. The child paused near the door, clutching his mother's skirt.

"This way, my little man," said Matthew, smiling encouragingly from the green sofa that sprawled across the centre of the room. "'Come to your daddy.'"

"Go to the gentleman, dear," said Rosina, with withering sarcasm.

But the boy hung back, clutching her skirt and his whistle tighter.

"Don't be afraid, Davie. I won't take your whistle from you—don't you remember, I gave it you?" He held up a piece of Rosina's home-made cake. Thus adjured and enticed, Davie moved cautiously forward, waves of returning recollection agitating the wee wan face.

A lump swelled in the father's throat as he surveyed the weakling. The poor child suddenly appeared to him the scapegoat for an unholy union. Life had taught him from what fount of sacred love children should spring.

While he was hoisting the child on his knee, responsive to that strong appeal of feeble creatures, but with no specific stirrings of paternity, Davie wistfully held up his disengaged hand for the cake, which he grabbed as soon as it came within range of his little arm. His mouth was too preoccupied with cake to return his father's kiss, to which he submitted passively.

The painter laid his hand tenderly on the flaxen hair.

"Did you enjoy yourself at Margate, Davie?"

Rosina uttered an exclamation of disgust:

"Well, I never! Who'll you be cross-examining next? Perhaps you think Billy and me are in a conspiracy; that I've gained over your spy. I'd better go down stairs so as not to influence the child's evidence."

And turning on her heel, she marched haughtily kitchenwards.

Matthew sighed wearily.

"What's the matter with her, Billy?" he asked.

"Don't ask me. She's been as cross as two sticks ever since they've had new curtains at No. 53 opposite. And the weather has been so muggy. And your coming has upset her."

"But she seems to have turned against you too. You used to get on so well together."

"She's so difficult to live with," replied Billy, fretfully. "So quarrelsome and discontented."

"What is she discontented about?" Matthew asked, uneasily. "She's got plenty of money."

"Oh, it isn't the money," replied Billy, morosely. "She's lucky, is Rosina. She has money of her own. Do you know, her little American property has gone up a good deal lately. Her income is nearer nine hundred than eight hundred dollars."

"Indeed?" murmured his brother, dimly interested.

"Yes, old Coble wrote to her telling her things were looking up, and he was right. No, it isn't Rosina that's got cause of complaint about money matters. She isn't like me—she isn't dependent on you for every farthing." His words rang bitterly, resentfully.

"But surely you don't mind taking money from me, Billy?" he said, with infinite gentleness.

"And why shouldn't I mind taking money from a stranger?"

"A stranger!"

"Yes; you're naught else. Do you think I don't know of your goings-on, your gaddings about to parties and banquets? Because Rosina don't read the papers, you mustn't think I'm ignorant too. I've got a heap of things about you in my study, all cut out and pasted in books. I don't tell Rosina, because it would only make her discontented; but it riles me, I tell you straight, to be left here, leading this wretched lonesome life. Why can't I live with you?"

"You could live with me to-morrow if you liked, Billy. But don't you see you'd be just as wretched and lonesome? All day I should be at work, and when I went out you couldn't accompany me. I can't foist my relatives on the people who invite me out. They only want *me*—and that only as a curiosity," he added, with a bitter perception of how extrinsic he really was to the charmed circles of Society; of how little affinity there was between him and the bulk of those who gushed over his art.

"But if you would only help me to get my work published, they'd make a fuss over me too. But you've never moved your little finger to help me."

"I got Wilson and Butler to read some of your MSS. I couldn't do any more. It isn't my fault if they don't think your work good enough."

"Nonsense! I don't believe they read it. You only said they did to pacify me."

"Oh, Billy!" cried Matthew, in shocked reproach.

"Well, even if they did," said Billy, tetchily, "they're not infallible. They're prejudiced. They think two brothers can't both be clever. I'm sure my stories are as good as anything that appears in their magazines, and a damned sight better. But there are any amount of other editors that you come across, for I've seen your name printed with theirs in the lists of guests at public dinners. But you go your own way, and never spare a thought for me, eating my heart out here. I come in handy to keep your wife company and to prevent her feeling deserted, and you think that's about all I'm good for." His white face was worked up to a flush of anger. He had the common delusion of the unsuccessful, that the successful in any department can pull the ropes in every other. Nor could he understand that Matthew disliked approaching people, and people disliked being approached.

"Whatever you're good for you'll be," said Matthew, soothingly. "If your work is really first class—it will come to the front in the long run!" He shrank from adding that he did not think it even second class; it was no use making the boy more miserable.

"Yes, but I can't run—I'm a cripple!" Billy burst forth, passionately. "Who knows whether I shall live to see the end of the long run? Perhaps they'll give me a stone when I'm dead—but what's the good of *that* to me? You have everything that makes life worth living, you have love—you have a wife whenever you choose to come—you have money, and heaps of it, all earned by the sweat of your own brow, you have fame, your name is in all the papers—you have fashionable folk courting and caressing you. I dare say some fine-scented lady fixed that rose so beautifully in your button-hole; I can smell her white fingers. It's all roses and sunshine for you. But you take jolly good care to keep 'em to yourself."

The embittered words carried no sting to the painter's breast. But he was sick at heart as he replied, gently:

"You don't really mean what you're saying, Billy. You know I've offered to defray the costs of publication of 'By Field and Flood,' if you'd only let me."

"Yes, but that's making me more of a drag on you. Besides, you told me it's only the rotten houses that publish novels at the authors' expense, and that the critics look askance on them. But if I could earn enough on my short stories to pay for a book, I'd chance that." His voice took on a maundering, pitiful intonation. "I'm sure I've worked hard enough, toiling at my desk and denying myself every pleasure in life. You can't say I don't keep sober now; I never go beyond one glass of ale at meal-times."

"Yes, you're very good, Billy. You've been good for a long time."

"Good!" echoed Billy, in the same sulky, lachrymose accents. "What's the good of being good? I wish I was dead. Why don't you let me drink my fits back again?" His breast heaved, he seemed on the point of sobs.

The painter sat in mute misery.

A blood-curdling shriek from the whistle destroyed the intolerable situation. Davie, having finished munching his cake, had his mouth free again for musical operations.

"Put your fingers over the holes, Davie," said his father; "then it'll play nicer."

"It's no use," put in Billy, moodily. "I tried to teach him."

"Look, I'll move my fingers, Davie, and you shall blow, and we'll play a pretty tune together. No, don't be alarmed. I'm not taking the whistle away, only putting my fingers on it. See, you shall hold the end fast in your mouth."

The child blew spasmodically. His father mechanically played the first tune that came into his fingers. A gleam of excited interest leaped into the child's eyes as he heard the notes varying mysteriously in a rough jingle. But the painter broke off suddenly. He realized that he was playing "Home, Sweet Home." It was too ghastly.

"More! more!" panted Davie, imperatively.

Matthew Strang obediently started "Yankee Doodle," and had to grant two encores before the juvenile tyrant was robbed of breath and desire.

"What's your name, my little man?" he asked, thoughtlessly, to make conversation.

"Davie."

"Davie what?"

"Davie Thrang."

"Ah! and how old are you?"

"I's nearly four," replied Davie; adding, in a burst of new confidence, "when I come to my fourf birfday, mummy says she'll gi' me a penny every week all to mythelf."

"Really?" said the painter, with a sad smile. "A whole penny?"

Davie shook his head in vehement affirmation. "Yeth; and I am thinkin' what I shall buy mummy wi' my firth penny—appleth or a flower."

A thrill shot down the painter's spine. The poor sickly infant appeared suddenly lovable to him; for the first time, too, he realized the child as an independent entity with thoughts of his own at work in the queer little brain. Whatever the quality of this little brain, Davie's heart was sound enough. And this heart was evidently entirely given to his mother. The momentary prick of irrational jealousy that the discovery caused the father was forgotten in softer feelings. His conception of the mother rose with his conception of the child. She was the other side of the relation, and there must be something beautiful in her to correspond with the beauty of her child's sentiment. The picture of "Motherhood" caught his eye again; he saw how insincerely he had painted it, from a mere intellectual idea, unfelt, unrealized; but he saw also the secret of its popularity, each observer contributing the emotion the painter had not felt. His eye dwelt upon it more tolerantly.

"Kiss me, Davie," he said, "and you shall have a penny now to buy mummy a flower."

Davie readily put up his lips to clinch the bargain, and his father gave him the coin. The boy regarded it wistfully.

"What do you say?" Billy put in, more amiably.

"Fank you," said Davie.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

"Thank you, da—" prompted Billy.

"Daddy," wound up Davie, triumphantly. "There ain't no flower-womans now," he added, dubiously. "They was a lot at Margit."

"I'll be a flower-woman, Davie," said his father, cheerily. "Wouldn't you like to have this beautiful flower—this rose in my button-hole—for your penny, to give to mummy?"

"Yeth—I wants it," said Davie, clutching greedily for it.

"Gently, all the lovely pink leaves will fall out. And you must give me your penny, you know."

Davie, with a perplexed air, vaguely conscious of commercial transactions too complicated for his intellect, hesitatingly re-tendered the penny, and receiving the rose, was set down on the carpet. He ran eagerly to the door, blowing one disconsolate, irrelevant blast on the whistle, and then the brothers heard him tumble down the oil-cloth-covered stairs with three thuds, followed by shrill ululations. They ran to the head of the stairs, but Rosina had already rushed forth to pick up the child, and her soothing prattle, varied by scolding for his careless hurry, made a duet with his howls.

"Where did you get that flower from? You've crumpled it all to pieces." She extracted it from the fingers that had closed upon it tenaciously when the fall commenced.

"From the gen'leman. Him what I calls daddy. It's for you, mummy."

"Tell him he can keep it!"

Davie's howls recommenced.

Matthew Strang's heart contracted. He went half-way down the stairs to where Rosina ministered to her bruised offspring.

"I didn't send you the flower, Rosina," he said, gently. "It's a gift from the child."

"Oh, is it? Then he's better-hearted than his father, that's all I can say. Thank you, my poor darling, thank you. Dry your little eyes, and mummy shall take you out to see all the pretty shops."

"Won't you come up stairs and finish your tea, Rosina?" Matthew pleaded.

"I'm busy," she said, tartly. "I'm giving Clara her tea. She's just come home from school."

"Let her bring her tea up stairs; then she can talk to me."

"I'll tell her you're here. I dare say she'll remember you—she generally gets something out of you."

He bit his lips to keep back angry speech, and remounted to the drawing-room. Clara came close upon his footsteps, and ran to offer her lips. She was a tall child of seven, with a low forehead, dark hair and eyebrows, a heavy jaw, and a high color—handsome after a rather Gallic fashion. The painter always trod gingerly with her, knowing she had her grandmother's temper. Rosina, lacking the clew, was less delicate with the girl, whose sullen phases irritated her immeasurably. This afternoon Clara was conciliated by sixpence, and chatted amicably with her father about her lessons. Presently her mother came up too, with Davie in her train, and there was the outward spectacle of a happy family group united at tea. The painter was emboldened to strengthen an idea that was gradually forming in his mind by expressing it.

"Billy feels very lonely down this part of the town," he began, timidly.

"And what must I feel?" Rosina snapped.

"Then why can't we all live together, Rosina?" he said, more boldly.

"Are you beginning that again?" she asked, sharply. "You won't come and live here, will you?"

"You know it is impossible."

"And you know it is impossible for me to move to your neighborhood. I've told you a thousand times you can't afford one of those big houses—it would be ruinous; you'd have to keep a staff of servants to match, and things would be coming to the house at extravagant prices from aristocratic tradespeople, whereas here I go out and do my bit of marketing, and pick up a bargain here and a bargain there. I've found out a place in Holloway where I get the best veal a penny a pound cheaper than anywhere in Camden Town, and it only means a penny tram there and back. You don't know how much I save you a year when you suspect me of making a stocking for myself out of my sea-side allowance. And even if you can afford such a house, rather give me the money and let me put it by for the children."

He made a despairing gesture. "We could get a small house," he said. "I could work harder for a year or two. Perhaps I could get a few more rooms added to my studio. There's a piece of ground I use at the back for open-air studies."

"And what would be the use of my living with you?" inquired Rosina, brutally. "You don't want me any more. I dare say you could come home at night now if you wanted to."

"Hush!" said her husband, flushing. "Clara, my dear, take Davie out and buy him some chocolate. This penny is really his."

"Yes, father." And the joyous children disappeared.

"Poor orphans!" said Rosina. "Perhaps it's just as well there won't be any more of them."

Matthew Strang was startled yet not quite surprised by the revelation of his wife's mood. She had never before so openly resented or dissented from the situation that had gradually grown up—one of those strange, complex, undefined situations of which life is so full, and which are only able to exist by virtue of not being put into words. He stirred the dregs of his tea with his spoon, painfully embarrassed.

"I shall talk to an architect I know," he said at last, ignoring her allusion. "The cost mightn't be much, and it needn't be all paid off at once. Besides," he added, with forced playfulness, "that extra hundred a year of yours must be used up somehow."

Rosina turned eyes of flame upon the unhappy Billy. "I knew it!" she said, cuttingly. "I knew you were here to spy upon me. So you have sneaked about that, have you?"

Matthew lost his temper at last. "Don't be a fool, Rosina," he said, roughly. "Do you think I care a pin whether you spend a wretched hundred dollars more or less?"

"No; I dare say you would rather have a wife that would bring you to the work-house. They had the bailiffs in at No. 36A only yesterday. There's a wife there that would just suit you. The husband's something in your way of business—an author or a poet—and she's a tall, stuck-up creature who sits at the window in strange long gowns without stays and reads books to him, and never goes to church. My! You should see her out marketing—they swindle her at every turn; she doesn't know a horse from a ham sandwich. I don't wonder they've come to a bad end—you should see the dust on her Venetian blinds. I prophesied the crash last winter—ask Billy if I didn't. They took in their coals by the hundred-weight. Don't you fancy I don't know that's the sort of woman you're hankering for. Ever since my Davie was born, and you got mixed up with those sort of creatures, you've been sorry you married me. Oh, it's no use denying it. You want a fine lady that would scorn to soil her fingers with house-work, and expect you to cover 'em with diamonds, a creature that would faint at the sight of a black beetle. But you were glad enough to marry me once upon a time, when you hadn't a dollar to your name. They say you're a fine painter—and who made you a fine painter? Who took you abroad and supported you while you were studying? They think you're a fine gentleman—and who made you a fine gentleman? Oh yes, I know I'm not one of your fine ladies—but if I had been, where would you have been now? In the bankruptcy court—perhaps back again in the jail from which I dragged you."

Matthew crimsoned furiously. Billy leaped in his chair.

"You fishwife! How dare you say such things to my brother?" he cried, choking with rage. "Matt in jail, indeed!"

"Let her talk," said Matthew, wearily. "I see it was a mistake to have come here at all."

Rosina cast a glance of venomous triumph at her drooping husband. The jail was a chance shot. In long, lonely, agonizing watches the resentful suspicion had germinated and grown.

"It's true," she said, defiantly. "Let him deny it."

"Why did you take a husband from jail?" retorted the painter, with a flash of fire.

"I didn't know it. I was tricked and bamboozled, and I had a heart in my breast then, not a stone. If I had been a fine lady I might have been more particular to examine your pedigree."

A sense of guilt damped the man's fire. The jail episode was not the only thing he had concealed.

"If you're sorry you married me we can separate," he murmured.

"Separate—aren't we separated enough? Do you mean you'd like a divorce? Oh no; not for this child. So that you may marry one of your fine ladies. Perhaps make an honest woman of her?"

"Rosina!" He sprang to his feet, thundering. The image of Eleanor Wyndwood swept involuntarily before him, and he felt that this coarse-tongued woman had profaned it.

She flinched before the cry, but parodied it daringly:

"Matthew!"

He flung from the room. Billy prodded frantically after him.

"Don't go, Matt! Don't go! You'll never come back again."

The piteous appeal sounded like a prophecy. He paused in the hall, irresolute.

Rosina laughed hysterically. "You had better go with him, Billy, if you're so frightened. And good riddance to the pair of you. I've got my bread and butter, thank God! My children sha'n't starve, if their father *does* desert them."

"Let me go, Billy," he said, hoarsely, shaking off the cripple's clutch. "I can't breathe here. Come with me—write to me—do what you like." He opened the hall door and closed it behind him, and dashed against his children coming back through the gate with their mouths full of almond-rock. Clara caught at the skirts of his coat.

"Don't go away again, father," she mumbled, peevishly. "Mother cries for you in the night, and I can't get to sleep."

He swayed as if struck by a bullet. Then he took the little girl's sticky hand, and suffered himself to be led back through the lower door. As Clara unlatched it he heard her mother sobbing hysterically above. The servant's foolish face peeped, white and scared, from the kitchen door, and made his own scarlet with shame.

"Your mistress is ill," he muttered, and ran hastily up stairs.

Rosina detected his footstep, and the sobs changed back to frenzied laughter. Then she controlled both by sheer pride, all the steel in her springing back unsnapped from its bend, and she opposed a mocking smile to his discomfited concern. The strength that had kept her silent for years was now summoned to undo the effects of speech.

"What have you forgotten?" she asked, tauntingly. "Have you come back for your good-by kiss, or your umbrella, or what? Kisses, they're off; we're an old married couple now, but I don't want to stick to your umbrella. It might be a present from somebody nice. *Is* there an umbrella about, Billy? No? Dear me? Then it must be that rose. Ah, but Davie gave me that." She called down the stairs. "Wasn't it you that gave me the rose, Davie? Yes, and I'm not going to give it back. Don't be afraid, dear. Mummy won't give away her darling's present. Did um bruise himself to give it me? Poor Davie!"

There was a hectic flush on her cheek; her voice rang false. Matt was afraid.

"Well, good-by," she jerked, after a pause. "What are you waiting for?"

"Don't go away," whispered Billy, nervously, shattered by the scenes of the afternoon. "Come to the study; she'll cool down soon."

The suggestion commended itself to Matthew. It seemed cowardly to leave this hysteric couple to themselves. He descended the kitchen stairs once more, and passed along the corridor that led to his old studio, now turned into a work-room for Billy, and fitted up with bookshelves, whose contents hid the whitewashed walls. A writing-table, littered with papers, occupied the centre of the floor, and piles of manuscript showed within a little angle cupboard, whose door swung open. There were several reproductions of his brother's works roughly stuck on the wall—one a valuable engraving signed by the artist; and the "Triumph of Bacchus" was already represented in two shapes—once by the half-page cut out of "The Season's Pictures," and again by a full-page photograph of it from the *Graphic*.

"It's a shame they don't make you an A.R.A., Matt," said Billy. "Your pictures get more advertisement for the Academy than almost anybody else's."

"For God's sake, don't talk of that now," said the painter, brokenly. His eye noted curiously that ancient engraving of "The Angelus," miraculously preserved to be one of Billy's treasures, by the world's refusal to give more than eighteen pence for it.

It was a poor representative of the original, but the other ornaments of the study seemed to him tawdry in comparison. His taste had changed; the picture attracted him now. Without analyzing—the turmoil of his mind did not permit that—he had an impression of sincerity, of sympathetic vision, of work done inevitably; not, like his own work, from cleverness. Despair of his life and his art mingled in one dark paroxysm as he dropped upon a chair and laid his head upon the writing-table.

"Don't, you may get your hair sticky," said Billy. "I don't think it's quite dry. I was just pasting in it before you came."

He withdrew the album from under his brother's head—the pious compilation with which he fed at once his jealousy and his pride.

"I suppose you saw that little sketch of your life in *Our Celebrities* this month?"

Matthew did not answer.

"It's not quite accurate, you know," went on Billy. "It says you're a bachelor, and that you were born in Canada, and so on. But that doesn't matter. There are always mistakes, and of course nobody knows about Rosina. Listen! 'The eldest child of a prosperous Canadian farmer, he gave early evidence of talent, and was sent to England to study art, and soon became the favorite pupil at Grainger's celebrated Art School in central London, where he studied under Tarmigan, a frigid artist who at one time enjoyed considerable repute. Later, Mr. Strang pursued his studies in Paris and Rome, and returning to London with ripened art sought and obtained the suffrages of the Academicians with his picture entitled "Motherhood," since so familiar to the public in countless reproductions, and the herald of a career of uniform success. Next year his classic picture—'"

"My God! Do you want to drive me mad?" roared the sick lion, raising his head. "I know all about it."

"You needn't bully my head off," said Billy, pettishly. "I asked you if you'd seen it."

"It's copied from *Men of the Time*," groaned the painter. He clinched his fists in a blind rage against the universe. This was what the public read and believed about his life—his life with its slow, sick struggles, its inner and outer discords, its poignant pathos. And this was what he read and believed about other men. Good God! What was behind their lives, the lives of his fellows, whose smooth histories he read in biographical summaries? The possibilities of the human tragedy frightened him. Then the realities of the human farce seized him, and he terrified Billy by a long peal of sardonic laughter.

The laughter ceased suddenly. "Go and see how she is," he commanded the shuddering Billy, and the poor cripple, now less frightened of Rosina than of his brother, sped away as fast as his crutch could carry him.

Left alone, the painter looked abstractedly at "The Angelus," and it drifted his thoughts back to the times when he had tried to sell it for bread. How happy were those times of youthful aspiration, when all things were new and all things were true, and hunger itself was but a sauce to eke out the scanty meal! What was starvation to this terrible hunger for happiness, what the want of money to this want of something to live for? Ah, money was nothing; money troubles were mental figments. It was the cark of life that killed—money or no money. Oh, to be young and free again; free to be a slave to Art! How hollow it all was—this fame, this running about, this Society that welcomed him, as he had truly told Billy, like a kind of monstrosity. He had been happier when he had toiled in this little whitewashed studio even after his mistaken marriage. The lines of the poet whom he had read most of late fell from his lips like an original personal cry:

> "Oh, I could lie down like a tired child,
> And weep away this sordid life of care."

And thus Billy found him, his head on the desk, his shoulders heaving convulsively.

"Matt!" he cried, timidly.

"Well!" in muffled accents.

"She's gone to her room and locked herself in. She says you're not to come near her any more ever."

A long silence.

"But I dare say it 'll blow over, Matt. This is not the first time she's been taken like that, though you've not been here to bear it."

A longer silence.

Billy cudgelled his brain to rouse his brother.

"I saw Ruth Hailey a month ago," he said at last.

This time he succeeded in evoking an indifferent monosyllable.

"Yes?"

"Yes. She called here to see us—she was in London. She had got our address from Abner Preep before leaving America. I gave her the address of your studio, but she said she was uncertain whether she would have time to look you up. She seems to be secretary to Mrs. Verder, the Woman's Rights woman; goes about with her everywhere. Linda Verder's lectures—you remember them at the St. James's Hall in July. She's in Scotland now, and later on, Ruth writes to me (for I asked her to correspond with me a little), they're going to Paris for a course, under the patronage of the American Embassy. They'll stay in Paris some time, as Linda Verder wants a rest badly, and has a lot of American friends there. Then they go to Australia and New Zealand. Curious, isn't it?"

"How did she look?"

"Ruth? Oh, she's gone off a good deal, to my thinking. She must be getting pretty old now—about as old as you, which is young for a man, but old for a woman. But her eyes are fine, and there's a sweetness—I can't describe it. She says she used to teach Sunday-school in the States, and, though she enjoys travelling about, regrets having had to give up her class. Fancy! She used to be such a smart girl too, and I should have thought the deacon had disgusted her with religion. You know she won't have anything to do with him."

"Is he still alive?"

"Oh, he's just as spry as ever. His father's curled up his toes, though. Old Hey had the old man from Digby to live with him, and they used to go at it hammer and tongs."

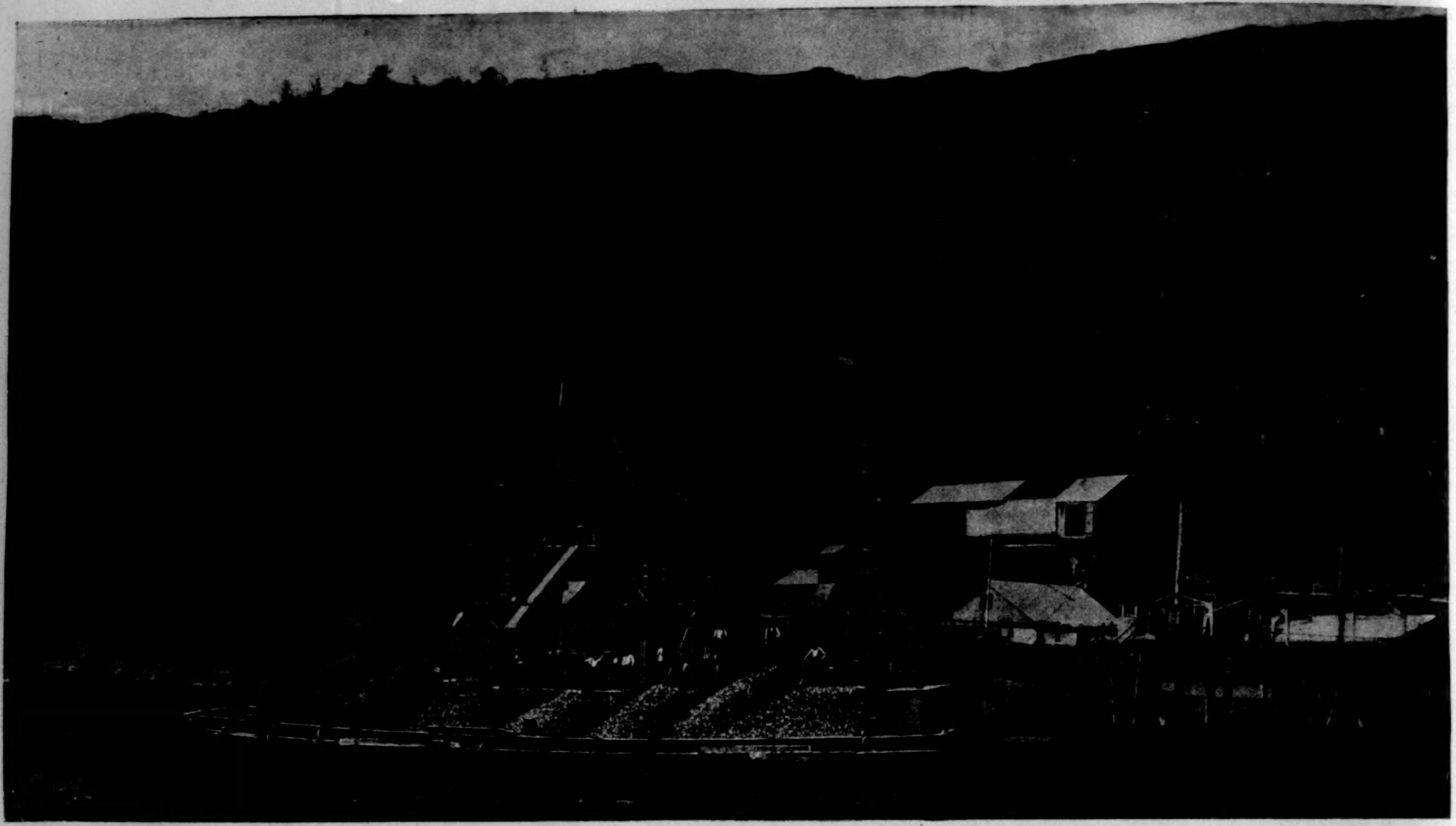
Billy could extract no further answer. But he would not let his brother go that night, insisting he must sleep with him as usual in the spare bed in his bedroom.

About nine o'clock Rosina sent supper for two down to the study. Matthew roused himself to eat a morsel to keep Billy company, and then, before going to his sleepless couch in Billy's room, bethought himself of whiling away the time by answering some letters which had been bulking his inner coat pocket for days. One of these was a reverential request for an autograph, addressed from a fine-sounding country house, and backed by the compulsive seduction of a stamped envelope.

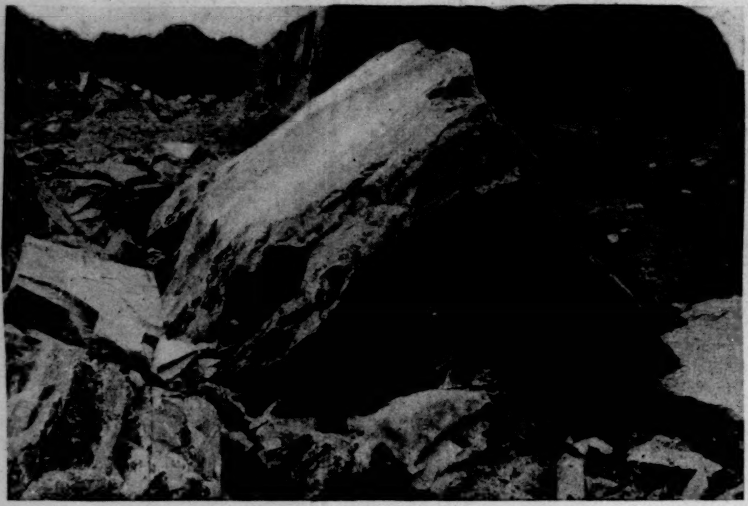
His emotions were exhausted. He wrote apathetically, "Yours truly, Matthew Strang," writing very near the top of the note-paper for fear of fraud, and cutting off the Camden Town heading.

The celebrity was at home for once.

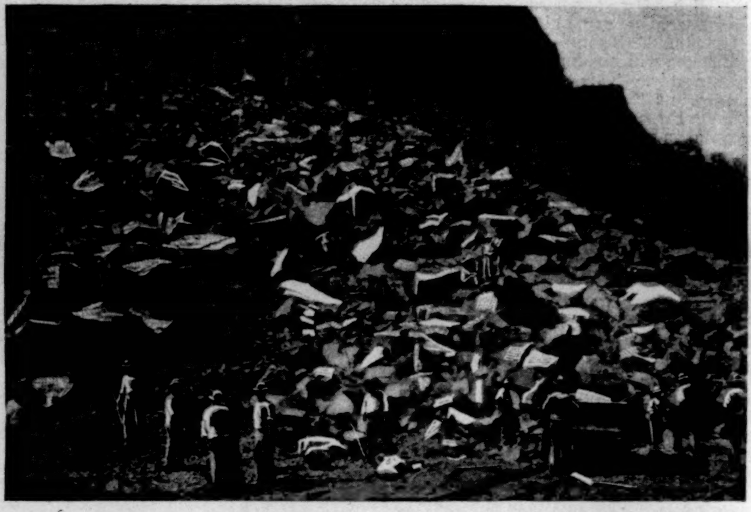
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



QUARRY ON THE PALISADES, NEAR FORT LEE.



BOWLDER THROWN DOWN IN BIG BLAST OF 4000 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894—WEIGHT, 2000 TONS.

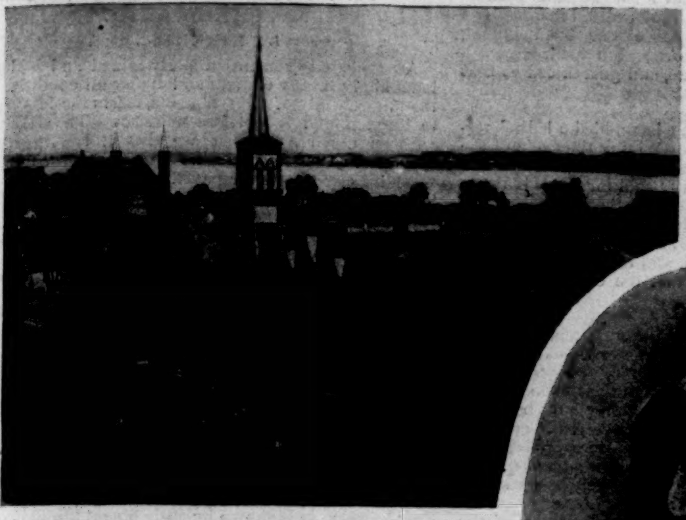


DÉBRIS FROM THE BIG BLAST, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON.—[SEE PAGE 946.]

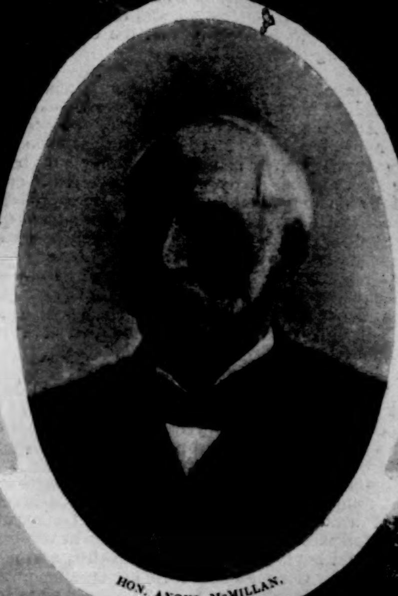
HARNESSING NIAGARA.—[SEE PAGE 946.]

CROSS-SECTION AND BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NIAGARA WATER-POWER COMPANY'S TUNNEL FROM INLET TO OUTLET.

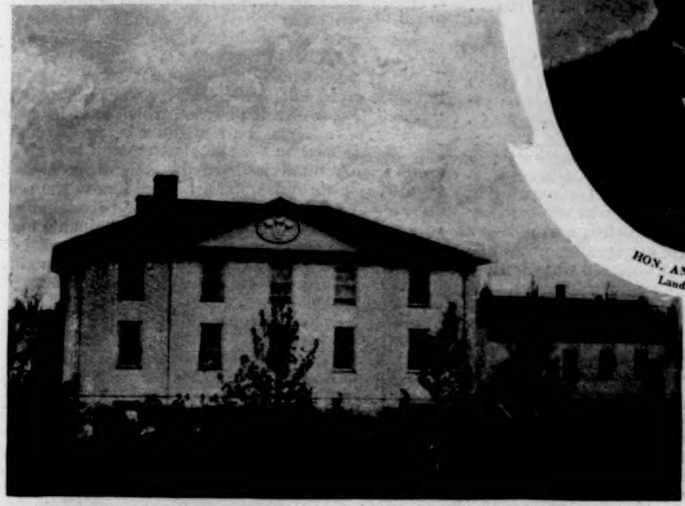


LOOKING EAST FROM QUEEN SQUARE

QUEEN SQUARE, SOUTH SIDE.



HON. ANGUS McMILLAN, Land Commissioner.



PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE.

PUBLIC GARDENS.

"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF," PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF."

WHILE Great Britain threatens the abolition of her House of Lords, and a good many people denounce the United States Senate, a responsible government very near home has taken up the task in earnest, and has actually abolished its Upper House. It is true that Prince Edward Island, the province that has successfully accomplished this difficult job, has fewer people by fifty thousand than are required for the ratio of one of our Congressional districts, but such a task as the getting of men to vote away power and supposed honor does not depend upon numbers. It is as difficult to induce thirteen constitutional legislators to vote themselves out of office as it is to get eighty-four or even several hundred to do so.

Indeed, it might well prove more difficult with the small than with the large number, for with fewer chances of conflicting combinations, the lesser number could be longer held together against attack and compromise, and so long as the whole body, small or large, stood firm, no power short of revolution could dislodge it.

In becoming a constituent part of the Dominion of Canada, Prince Edward Island did precisely the thing that Pennsylvania did in becoming a constituent part of the United States, namely, it relegated to a central power authority over all affairs of national scope, and retained to itself a greater or less degree of local self-government. The executive head is a Lieutenant-Governor. Formerly the Ottawa authority named non-residents of the island for this important position, but now the invariable practice is to select residents, who are, of course, in sympathy with the party in power in the Dominion, while supposedly conversant with the wants of the island province.

There are three counties on the island, each of which sends, without regard to population, ten members to the lower provincial body at Charlottetown, namely, the House of Assembly. For more than a hundred years each county also sent four members to an upper provincial house, called the Legislative Council. The membership of this Upper House was thirteen, the capital city of Charlottetown furnishing the additional member. From among these Councillors and Assemblymen there are chosen, without regard to constituency, nine men, who, in addition to their legislative functions, sit as an Executive Council. While chosen in a different way, their duties are similar to those of the Governor's Council of Massachusetts. As in the Bay State, this Prince Edward Island Council is an advisory board only, the sole legislative power being, until the change of last year, the Legislative Council, or Upper House, and the House of Assembly, or Lower House. The membership of the former is thirteen, and of the latter, thirty.

Twenty years ago the matter of doing away with the Upper House came up for public discussion, and was, as might be expected, strenuously opposed by the Legislative Council itself. The party taking the lead in the reform was the Liberal, and Councillors of that party in the Upper House, less violently than their Conservative brethren, opposed the change.

Prince Edward Island legislative bodies meet in March. During that month the island is often so frozen up, or so hemmed in by ice that floats down the St. Lawrence River from our Great Lakes, that communication with the outside world, even by the winter steamer *Stanley*, which the Dominion government maintains as part of the price for the island's loyalty to Ottawa, is cut off. Hence there is little else to do save to try to solve the problems that are to open when the season does, say the 1st of June.

Throughout the whole of two important sessions the question of the abolition of the Upper House was uppermost. The man most active in favor of this reform was the Hon. Frederick Peters, long prominent and influential on the island, and the present Liberal Premier of the province. The Councillors refused to vote themselves out of official existence, although the reform was loudly demanded. There was no end of discussion in the newspapers of the island—they have pretty good journals down there—and much seesawing between the two Houses.

Finally a proposition was made that was little short of an inspiration, and its acceptance solved the problem. The Legislative Council voted itself out of power and out of existence, and at the recent election it went out, never, probably, to come in again in the tight little Province of the Gulf.

In effect the Upper House said to the House of Assembly, "We'll abolish ourselves if you'll abolish yourselves." The Lower House foresaw in part the probable effect, but it agreed to the proposition. While the Upper House voted away everything, the Lower House, in pursuance of the agreement, voted away everything except its name, and the sequel proved that it was the House of Assembly, and not the Legislative Council at all, that made the sacrifice.

The agreement between the two Houses was that, the Upper one being abolished, the ten Assembly memberships from each of the three counties should be regarded as open property—open to anybody who could get them. New candidates were frowned down, and the thirteen members of the old Upper House, and the thirty members of the former Lower House, each for himself, went into a grand scramble for the thirty seats in the single body that was thereafter to be the only legislative power of the province.

The outcome was what might have been, but was not, generally expected. The old Councillors, with their greater prestige, and a sort of fraternal determination to help each other to live on though voluntarily dead, were successful in all but two instances. Hence it proved to be the Assembly, in so far as the men were concerned, that was abolished. The Legislative Council, eleven out of thirteen strong, merely stepped into the other Chamber, the Lower House suffering in order to make room for them. Some ill feeling developed at the unexpected outcome, and it is extremely doubtful whether the House of Commons in England, or the House of Representatives in the United States, having this insular warning before them, would accept propositions from Lords or Senators to vote themselves out at one door, only to vote themselves in again at another.

In spite of Prince Edward Island's success, the question how to get office-holders to vote themselves private citizens remains unsolved. Nevertheless, the problem is solved in this province.

The reasons for doing away with the Upper House of Prince Edward Island were not that that body had been obstructionary. They were two in number, and were the unsensational ones of too many officials and too much expense.

It was felt that thirty Assemblymen, thirteen Legislative Councillors, nine Executive Councillors, a Premier, and a Lieutenant-Governor were a surplus of governmental machinery, and too many men by at least a third to spend their time in the work of governing a few above one hundred thousand souls, three-fourths of whose laws were enacted, not at Charlottetown, but at Ottawa. But the chief impulse was the matter of expense. Although the members served without pay, the Legislative Council cost the province between $4000 and $5000 a year. "A large sum," observed the Hon. A. McMillan to me the other day. Captain McMillan is a member of the present government, and Land Commissioner of the province. "Great and small are relative terms," I replied, thinking, in spite of my effort to be interested only in what my *vis-à-vis* was saying, of the annual cost of the Legislature of my native State, whose Governor, a few years ago, called an extra legislative session, absolutely without result, at a cost exceeding the entire revenues of Prince Edward Island for two whole years.

Until the present year this island province has had a total public income of about one-quarter of a million dollars annually. This meagre sum had to maintain the school system, to light the long sea-coast, to improve the harbors, to keep up the judiciary, and to satisfy all the governmental demands of 120,000 people—people who are by no means of so easy-going and don't-be-in-a-hurry style as their neighbors of either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

This entire sum came to the province from the Dominion, being the island's share of the customs revenues. The thrifty islanders refrained from taxing themselves so much as one penny. While governmentally living off the Dominion, so to speak, the islanders also enjoyed a railroad service, connecting their principal towns, at an annual expense to the Dominion of many thousands of dollars. The Prince Edward Island Railway is a government-owned road, and does not pay its own way. Not only this, but the Dominion maintains a steamer at great expense to connect the island with the mainland during the winter months, when navigation to Charlottetown and Summerside is closed, and the one ice-breaking boat is compelled to go to the winter port of Georgetown.

Notwithstanding all this, the tie of the Dominion is not great on the island. Dominion day is not more generally observed than the Fourth of July, and were a vote to be taken on the island it is almost certain that, could such outcome be possible from geographical considerations, annexation to the United States would carry by a large majority. The reason for this is not sentiment, but business. Islanders want a market for their oats, potatoes, fish, and hay. The United States furnishes such market. Canada does not. Besides, almost every person in the province has relatives in "the States." The young men either come here direct, or by the way of some part of Canada, in which their loyalty has just had an unsuccessful tussle with their pocket-books. If Nova Scotia and New Brunswick did not lie between, Prince Edward Island would be a State of the American Union as soon as an enabling act could be passed and put into effect.

During the past two years a new spirit has come over this Garden of the Gulf of St. Lawrence—an American spirit of push, that wants internal improvements and is willing to pay for them. The Liberal party came into power at the election that abolished the Legislative Council, and at the session of last March it passed a comprehensive revenue law that laid a small tax upon land, upon incomes, and upon a few other stable articles. Once before it was attempted to raise money by local taxation in order to effect

internal improvements, but the party responsible for the tax was almost wiped out of existence at the succeeding election.

The Liberals then began to educate the people, and the result was their resumption of power on this very issue.

Why they hope to be upheld is the concerted attempt on the part of the people to add a new "industry" to the three principal ones to which they now are confined. The three are oats, potatoes, and fish. It is the exportation of these, almost wholly to the United States, that brings four-fifths of the outside money to the island.

While but a few miles separated from them, Prince Edward Island was most remarkably favored above Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the two important particulars of soil and climate. Instead of rocks, sand, and water, it has rolling uplands that might easily be mistaken for Bucks or Lancaster county in Pennsylvania, and instead of depressing fogs in all seasons and in all places it has a bracing atmosphere in which mists are practically unknown.

By a curious favor of Providence the excellent soil is preserved unimpoverished, while year after year the oats, hay, and even oat straw, are taken off the land and shipped to Boston. This favor is the important economical fact that there is at low tide in the innumerable inlet bottoms vast quantities of guano, decayed sea-weeds, abandoned shells, and dead fish, which, through the ice in winter, may be had for the hauling.

The far-sighted islanders have been wise enough to put the Liberal party in power because it favors internal improvements, and to be willing to tax themselves to pay for those improvements, because they recognize that a country, like a hotel, must have all the modern conveniences.

One day some sixteen years ago the official thermometer of the island was so bold as to record 87.50°. But it has never repeated the offence. Its average record is in the neighborhood of 80°. There is little rain during the summer months, no fog, evenings that demand light wraps, and nights that must have two blankets for comfort.

Get out your map and note the jagged coast of this crescent-shaped land. The country is rolling, and every foot under cultivation. The green has a pale tinge of yellow, save where it is reflected by growing trees, which are the dark green firs, spruces, and balsams. The farms stop only where the very blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence begin; and the houses, generally one story high and always white, sit upon hills that would, were they near Philadelphia, New York, or Chicago, command small fortunes each as sites for citizen villas.

One can get there in two days from New York, and if one goes at the end of July, or even in early August, he can not only change warm for cool weather, but he can begin with the fruits and flowers that at home he began with in May, and go all over them again. What discomfort may one not endure in return for two strawberry seasons in one year? Or for June roses in August?

THIS BUSY WORLD

Dr Conan Doyle is coming to New York this month to talk to the Americans, not about Mr. Sherlock Holmes, as one might suppose, but about "George Meredith and his Work," and "The Younger Influences in English Literature." Does everybody know that he is the nephew of Richard Doyle, the artist whose drawings were familiar for so many years in *Punch*? He has expressed himself as favoring the coalescence of the English-speaking races, which, he thinks, should combine, pool their fleets and interests, and inherit the earth. Whether, as a modest practical beginning, he would favor a coalescence of Canada with the United States is a question his views on which are not yet known. If Britons and Americans could agree as well on all points as in their estimate of the readableness of Dr. Doyle's stories, they might coalesce without much trouble. In America as well as in England Dr. Doyle is much respected among men of letters for the comfortable remuneration his literary work provokes. It is matter of dispute among the newspaper correspondents whether he or Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Kipling can buy a dollar with the fewest written words.

It is the custom of the Japanese to add to the names of their ships of war the word *Kan*, a term which is of Chinese origin and means war-vessel, and their war-ships are always spoken of in this way, as—*Naniwa Kan, Hashidate Kan*, etc. In a similar manner the word *Maru* is added to the names of merchant vessels, as—*Omi Maru, Yamashiro Maru*. The word is of obscure origin. It is believed to be a corruption of *Maro*, "an archaic term of endearment."

The meanings and origin of names given to Japanese war-vessels are of interest. Matsushima is one of the *Sankei*, or "three views of Japan," and has been famous from earliest times. It is a beautiful archipelago on the coast, which can be described in the meaning of the words "Pine-tree Island." Itsukushima and Hashidate are islands famous for their beauty. Naniwa is the ancient name for the province in which the old capital, Kyoto, is situated.

Takachiho is a southern mountain, on the summit of which the first Mikado, Jimmu Tenno, is supposed to have alighted when he descended from heaven.

Yoshino is a wild mountainous tract of country, in which is situated a town of the same name, celebrated for its *sakura* (the flowering cherry) trees, said to number one thousand. Akagi and Hiyei are names of mountains.

In every city where the trolley-car has been introduced there is somewhere an accumulation of old street cars for which there is ordinarily no market. The Boston *Transcript* tells of a Cambridge man who had an idea, and bought thirty-six such cars from the Cambridge railroad. Then he put one in a friend's back-yard, and invited the friend's children to play in it. They did, and were charmed with it, of course, as was every child of their acquaintance. Thereupon the thoughtful speculator promptly sold off the rest of his cars at a large advance to admiring parents. So he made money, as he deserved to do.

Cranberry-growers in Massachusetts report a very short crop, and have agreed to sell what there are at eight dollars a barrel. They should be thankful that cranberries do not often bring so good a price. Nothing but the fact that this fruit is ordinarily plentiful and cheap prevents the erection of factories in Connecticut for its artificial production. Connecticut stands ready at any time a fair profit can be seen in the venture to supplement our Thanksgiving turkeys not only with cranberries, but with Spanish chestnuts also, both machine-made, and guaranteed to beat nature.

The University Club in Boston has added a ladies' restaurant to its house, therein acknowledging the trend of the times, and bidding for the forbearing consideration of the ladies of the Back Bay. It is still usual for men's clubs to put their ladies' dining-rooms either in the basement or in some retired corner of the building which has no view and not much air, but the Boston University Club has dealt handsomely with its womenkind, and their dining-room is big and handsome, and looks out on the Charles River, as all Boston dining-rooms should.

We hear much of the wines of California and the grape regions of New York, but it may be news to some readers that the Australians have vineyards too, and make wine which Englishmen brag of in letters to the London *Times*. In South Australia, after many failures, they have begun to produce hock and burgundy which are averred to compete successfully on dinner tables with the wines of Germany and France. A letter-writer to the *Times*—but not quite a disinterested one, since he is the official representative in London of South Australia on produce questions—asserts that he "recently saw a buyer, recognized as one of the first wine experts in London, place a South Australian wine first among a number of French burgundies, the glasses being arranged in promiscuous order, after he had retired from the room, by a third person."

Only twenty thousand dollars is asked for to buy the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, wherein Jane Welsh Carlyle experienced for nearly forty years the society of her dyspeptic man of letters. It is proposed to buy the house as a memorial of Carlyle, but English subscribers are lacking, and the opportunity is offered to Americans to provide themselves at comparatively small expense with another object of interest in London. If the money is not forthcoming in behalf of Carlyle's memory, it might be worth while to try if buyers could not be found to secure the house in memory of Jane Welsh. Carlyle's books are his monument, and he needs no other; but of his wife that house in Cheyne Row would be a fit memorial, and one abundantly earned. Of the two, she is the Carlyle that most appeals to the sympathies of her successors. Thomas made a pretty good harvest, and got most of what was coming to him. Perhaps Jane did too, but if so a twenty thousand dollar memorial would be of great use in helping posterity to believe it.

In telling in the *Sun* the story of his first successful book (*Treasure Island*), Mr. Stevenson says that any one can write a short story, but not every one may hope to write even a bad novel. It is the length, he says, that kills. The accepted novelist may take up his work, and boggle over it, and come at it again. But not the beginner. "The instinct of self-preservation forbids that any man (cheered and supported by the consciousness of no previous victory) should endure the miseries of unsuccessful literary toil beyond a period to be measured in weeks."

"There must be something for hope to feed upon. The beginner must have a slant of wind, a lucky vein must be running; he must be in one of those hours when the words come and the phrases balance of themselves—even to begin. And having begun, what a dreadful looking forward is that until the book shall be accomplished. For so long a time the slant is to continue unchanged, the vein to keep running; for so long a time you must hold at command the same quality of style; for so long a time your puppets are to be always vital, always consistent, always vigorous."

A chance school-boy was Mr. Stevenson's touchstone, as he says, when he started *Treasure Island*. It began haphazard, without purpose prepense, on a wet day, with a drawing of an island on a wall. The chance boy started it; the author's own father—a habitual yarn-spinner—got interested, and became a contributor to the extent of much enthusiasm and one solid day's work spent in preparing an inventory of the contents of Billy Bones's chest. Presently another chance listener who happened along assured the story's destiny by an offer of purchase. After fifteen days of prosperous advance, logged in fifteen chapters, the story stopped short and refused to budge. The author was in despair. But after rest and a change of scene, which happened opportunely, the tale took up its writer again and finished itself serenely at the rate of a chapter a day, and presently went forth and made its author's reputation.

This story of a story throws a good deal of light on Mr. Stevenson's literary methods, and in particular on that need of a touchstone which is possibly at the bottom of his liking for a literary partner. No one has been able to say just what parts Mr. Lloyd Osborne contributed to his step-father's tales; but it may be that he and Mrs. Stevenson supply the indispensable sympathy that keeps the wheels turning in the magician's head.

The *American Hebrew* quotes, with tacit approval, the *Outlook's* remark that Mr. Zangwill "is the story-teller of the modern Hebrew, just as Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett are the story-tellers of the modern Scotch peasant, Miss Barlow of the Irish peasant, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins of the New England of to-day, and Mr. Page and Mr. Harris of the New South."

This feature of Mr. Zangwill's authorship is more noticeable in his *Tragi-Comedy of Creeds, The Children of the Ghetto*, and *The King of the Schnorrers* than in the story now running in the Weekly. In figuring as the representative of the Jewish race among the story-tellers Mr. Zangwill has no less illustrious a predecessor than Lord Beaconsfield, whom, by-the-way, it is constantly remarked that he resembles in feature. The esteemed Lounger of the *Critic*, who saw him this summer in England, says of him, "The likeness he bears to the late Lord Beaconsfield is more marked in real life than in any picture I have seen of him."

As the result of a seven years' fight with the British post-office, the privilege has been secured of writing a letter on one side of an ordinary card, of proper size, sticking a half-penny stamp on the other side, and having go by post. The British post-office fought hard against this concession, because it was in the habit of selling postal-cards at the rate of ten for sixpence, and single ones for three farthings, and liked the profit arising from those transactions. Stationers may sell their own postal-card now, ready for stamping, a privilege that they have not had in England.

E. S. Martin.

THE ASPHALTS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

An asphalt pavement properly mixed and laid will last indefinitely in any climate and under all conditions. It is the most cleanly of all pavements, offers the least resistance to traction, and is the most noiseless. The only valid objections urged against it are that it is slippery in wet weather, and offers an insufficient foothold for horses. But when all city streets are paved with asphaltum, horses will have vanished from city streets. Their work will then be performed by tireless motors of vastly greater power, occupying infinitely less space, cleanly, noiseless, and obedient to a touch. The destructive pounding of iron-shod hoofs will be succeeded by silent smooth running of wheels tired with rubber or elaterite, that wonderful bituminous product of Utah, Wyoming, and Arizona which stands ready to supersede vegetable caoutchouc whenever the world's supply of the latter shall become exhausted.

The use of asphaltum in one form or another antedates history. With it the most ancient Egyptians embalmed the bodies of their dead, and the prehistoric natives of our own Pacific coast made water-tight their rude canoes. The Spanish discoverers of Cuba careened their ships in the harbor of Havana that they might close gaping seams with the mineral pitch found in that vicinity. The mission fathers of California appreciated its value for structural and hydraulic work, as is shown by their liberal use of it on floors, roofs, walks, reservoirs, and water conduits.

For street-paving a cement composed of about fifteen per cent. of refined asphaltum mixed with eighty-five per cent. of sand is spread hot above a prepared substratum of broken rock and gravel. The bulk of the asphaltum thus used in the Eastern States of this country comes from the island of Trinidad, where it is dug with pickaxe and spade from an immense surface deposit called, for want of a better name, a "lake." Some of this product, which contains about forty per cent. of bitumen, the remainder being clay and organic matter, is refined on the spot, but most of it is shipped in a crude state to refineries located in Atlantic coast cities. The requisite elasticity is obtained by adding to the refined product about twenty-five per cent. of petroleum residuum, which seems to be the best material obtainable for the purpose, though between it and asphaltum there is so little chemical affinity that they separate in the mixing-kettles unless constantly agitated, the asphaltum sinking and the oil rising to the surface.

Within the past ten years the widespread demand for asphalt pavements among Western cities, combined with heavy freight charges on the imported article, has caused investigations as to more accessible sources of supply. As a result, California—the wonder-land that stands ever ready to supply all human needs—comes to the front with inexhaustible deposits of as fine asphaltum as can be found in the world. Not only does the Golden State yield a hard or rock asphaltum superior to the Trinidad product, in that it contains twenty per cent. more of bitumen, but it furnishes a fluxing agent in the shape of maltha, or liquid asphaltum, between which and the other the chemical union is perfect.

This California asphaltum is now in general use from the Pacific coast to the Rocky Mountains, and is contesting with the Trinidad article for the supremacy of the Mississippi Valley as far East as Chicago. In one form or another, and under the names of bituminous rock, asphaltum, maltha, and brea, it is found on the coast and among the foot-hills of the coast range from Santa Cruz to San Diego. The first-named of these is merely sand cemented by an overflow of liquid asphaltum or maltha, and hardened by the atmospheric withdrawal of the more volatile elements. For paving purposes this bituminous rock, which is found in great abundance at Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and other places, is used in its crude form, being merely subjected to heat sufficient to soften it, so that it may be spread. The best of it gives satisfactory results, as may be witnessed in the streets of Sacramento; but the ever-varying proportion of sand in its composition renders it unreliable. This same sand precludes its use beyond short distances from the mines on account of the expense of transportation.

The two purest asphalt deposits in California, the Alcatraz and the Standard, occur in adjacent localities in Santa Barbara and Kern counties, one on the sea-shore and the other among the eastern foot-hills of the coast range. The latter supports the camp of Asphalto, set in as forbidding a bit of desert as ever longed for irrigation, some forty miles west of Bakersfield, with which it is connected by a spur of the Southern Pacific Railway. Although operations were only recently begun at Asphalto, it is confidently expected that refined asphaltum to the amount of one thousand carloads will be shipped from there this year.

By far the most interesting, largest, and most valuable asphalt deposits yet discovered in this country are the two known collectively as the "Alcatraz," located thirty miles apart on the sea-coast of Santa Barbara. The most westerly of these, La Patera Mine, some fifteen miles from the city of Santa Barbara, is of rock-asphaltum, which is mined like coal, and breaks off in large chunks, exhibiting a perfect conchoidal fracture. It is found in thick seams, enclosed by walls of shale, and extends to unknown depths. The main shaft of La Patera is now down about one hundred and fifty feet, at which level there is no sign of diminution in the supply. An interesting feature of this unique mine is the steady asphaltic growth constantly taking place in the drifts. The material, being slightly plastic, is forced into every opening by pressure from below, so that last year more than fifty feet of actual growth were cut away in order to keep the workings open.

Ledges of this rock-asphaltum extend far out beneath the sea, and it is interesting to note that specimens broken from the surface of these, where they have been exposed to the action of salt water for ages, show the same chemical and physical qualities as do samples from the bottom of the deepest inland shaft.

From La Patera the rock-asphaltum is, according to demand, shipped in its crude state, or taken to the Alcatraz refinery at Carpenteria, fifteen miles on the opposite side of Santa Barbara. Here it is melted and fluxed with liquid asphaltum for the forming of a high-grade paving cement that is sent in barrels by ship-load or car-load to all parts of the world.

At Carpenteria is the open mine or quarry of Las Conchas, sunk in a vast bed of sea sand thoroughly saturated with the maltha, mineral tar, or liquid asphaltum that constantly oozes upward from the underlying shales. This sand bed is from twenty to a hundred feet in thickness, and is overlaid with from four to twelve feet of a light soil, that is removed by hydraulicing with sea-water forced through twelve-inch pipes by a powerful Worthington pump.

The black mass thus laid bare is loosened, conveyed in small cars to the refinery, melted, and run into swiftly whirling centrifugals. These so completely extract the liquid asphaltum that the residue of sand is as white and clean as that of the beach itself. The black liquid thus obtained is about the consistency of thick molasses, contains ninety-eight per cent. of bitumen, and is a perfect flux for its rocklike affinity from thirty miles away. United, they form a paving cement, a roofing material, or a water-proof lining for reservoirs, tanks, and aqueducts. Still further refined, the liquid asphaltum enters into the composition of paints and varnishes, and forms an admirable insulator for electric wires, as well as a rust-proof covering for pipes and other iron-work.

At Las Conchas, as at La Patera, the bituminous deposits extend far out under the sea; only here, being in liquid form, the asphaltum rises to the surface, and covers the water for miles with an oily film, in which waves never break, and where a vessel provided with stout anchors and plenty of cable may ride out any gale in safety.

"THE BAUBLE SHOP."

Mr. John Drew, aided and abetted by the clever company of players gathered about him by Mr. Charles Frohman, has been shedding a few side-lights upon certain phases of political life in England for the delectation of the New York theatre-goers. Upon the whole, it may be said that the results have been quite satisfactory to those who sit in the chairs of the Empire Theatre while Messrs. Drew and company strut their two and a half hours upon the stage, for they have been entertained, and have been provided with something to talk about on their way home. The medium through which we are permitted to gaze upon the thorns which beset the pathway of a leader of the British House of Commons, of a peculiar type, perhaps, is the cleverly written and highly cynical comedy *The Bauble Shop*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which must be pure romance, for had it been realism Mr. Jones would doubtless not have dared to write it. The only reason for believing that the story is realism lies in the unpleasant fact that Mr. Jones devotes three of his acts to getting his hero and heroine into a bad fix, and in the fourth practically confesses his inability to get them out of it. No doubt in real life that is exactly what would have happened to Viscount Clivebrooke and the lovely Jessie Keber, but this is not much of a consolation to the auditor, who goes home after the curtain falls and begins to worry about their future. Of course nothing but the sudden death of the villain—a highly virtuous and honest person, by-the-way—could have saved the young lovers, and audiences of the kind that are attracted by Mr. Drew, as a rule, do not care to witness the demise of even a villain; nevertheless, it would have been a genuine relief to all who witnessed the rise and fall of Clivebrooke if the acrid and irreproachable Stoach could have been shanghaied by some of his own constituents, so that Clivebrooke could have held on to his diminishing greatness long enough to reform.

The story of *The Bauble Shop* is briefly this: Viscount Clivebrooke is a young man, and the leader of his party in the House of Commons. The fact that he is of noble birth and quick at repartee has aroused the animosity of a plain man of the people who has been elected to the Commons, and who is not quick at repartee, but is quite gifted in the use of terms as plain as himself, who has a harsh voice, plenty of ambition, and a business to look after entirely apart from his duties as a Commoner, all of which, combined with the name of Stoach, which is not so beautiful as Clivebrooke, tends to make him an extremely irritable and unpleasant person. Mr. Stoach regards himself as the guardian of the nation's morals, and has certain reasons for believing that Clivebrooke, who, as leader of his party, finds himself constituted in the agreeable office of keeping his country in the narrow path, is not a fit person to make laws conducing to the morality of his fellow-Britons. The chief of these reasons is that Clivebrooke has not proved his ability in that direction when it has come to looking after his own comings and goings. Furthermore, Clivebrooke had made Stoach's début as a legislator memorable, to Stoach at least, by sundry dry witty little flings at the expense of the shopkeeper upon that interesting occasion. So, upon personal as well as upon political grounds, when Stoach first appears the audience is at once made aware that there is an irrepressible conflict between the two statesmen. Naturally, as it was the chief object of the dramatist to get the nobleman into trouble, everything happens precisely as Mr. Stoach wishes it to. He doesn't even have to go out of doors to catch the Viscount in such a situation that even the Viscount himself admits that it will be a very risky thing for him to move the second reading of the public morals bill, and the worst part of it all is that the discovery of his secret and not too highly commendable regard for Jessie Keber takes place upon the very eve of his fulfilment of that very important duty as the leader in the Commons. Jessie Keber is the lovely, wholly ingenuous daughter of an unpleasant inebriate in Stoach's employ, and the discovery by Stoach of Clivebrooke's attentions to her takes place in Stoach's own toy shop. The comparative ease with which Stoach makes point after point against his victim should have made him a little less ill-natured, considering how busy he must have been, but it seemed to have had a contrary effect, and the audience at the close of the second act, in which the discovery is made, perceives on the instant that unless Stoach dies of apoplexy or is assassinated an innocent woman and a prominent politician, who is also innocent, through no fault of his own, however, are going to have a very unpleasant time of it within forty-eight hours. The vehemence of Stoach encourages the audience to hope for apoplexy, but the stroke doesn't come. He exposes Clivebrooke, who grows heroic under exposure, and betrays a sudden desire to reform. Clivebrooke falls, and with him drops also the curtain on the third act. The fourth act finds the audience anxiously waiting. How can the lovers get out of their trouble? is the riddle they are all asking Mr. Henry Arthur Jones to unravel. They cannot guess the answer, and when they put on their wraps to go home they find that Mr. Jones has also given it up. Clivebrooke is ruined, but Stoach is discomfited by the nobleman's marriage to Jessie Keber, a marriage which, by-the-way, would not have taken place had not Stoach happened in at his Lordship's in time to say that he doubted if anything of the kind was contemplated seriously. If he had staid away Clivebrooke would not have married Miss Keber, and the shopkeeper would not have been discomfited. The audience shares the discomfiture, because it is a by no means suitable match; the love of the ex-leader for the woman is too sudden a change from what we may term his passion for her to be of long duration, and, furthermore, there has been through all the trouble another young woman much more suited to his needs than the one he gets, who loves him, is his equal in every way, has no inebriate for a parent, and is beyond all question the person who should have won him. The pity of the dénouement is all the greater considering that in the nature of things Jessie could not be happy with Clivebrooke, and that there was a private secretary of the Vis-

(*Continued on page 959.*)

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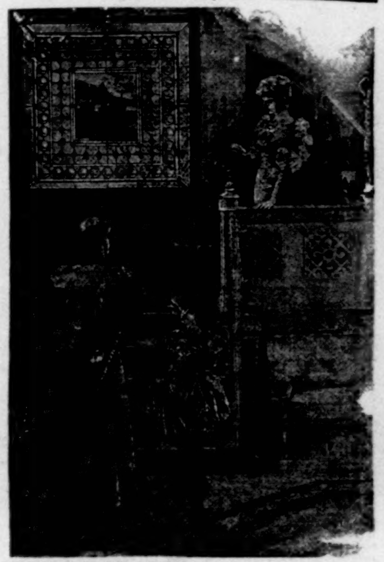

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ACT I.—AGNES MILLER AS GUSSIE.
(The maiden up to date.)

ACT II.—MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEBER.
("What can he see in me?")

JOHN DREW AS VISCOUNT CLIVEBROOKE.
(The Leader of the House of Commons.)

ACT II.—MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEBER; J. E. DODSON AS MATTHEW KEBER.
("Tell me about our new home.")

ACT II.—JOHN DREW AS VISCOUNT CLIVEBROOKE; MAUDE ADAMS AS JESSIE KEBER.
("You are so far above me.")

ACT III.—ARTHUR BYRON AS HON. CHARLES TEVIOT; ELSIE DE WOLFE AS LADY KATE FFENNEL.
("Gussie and I are married.")

"THE BAUBLE-SHOP," PLAYING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 955.]

AMATEUR SPORT

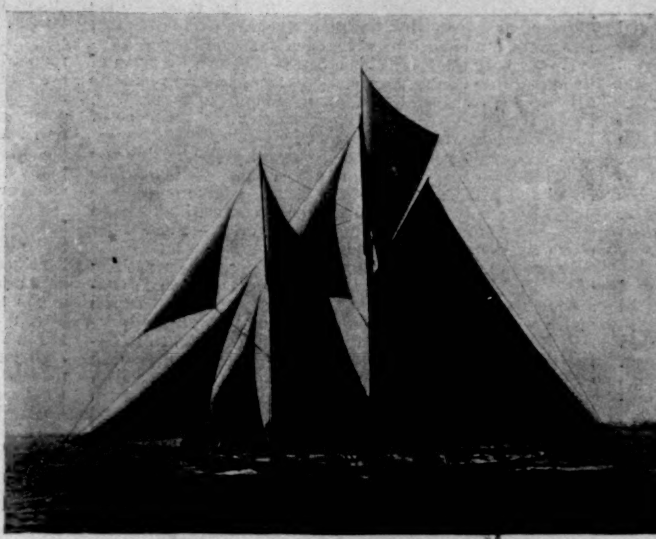
The horse-racing season of 1894 is almost at an end. Since the opening day at Gravesend, on Tuesday, May 15th, when 40,000 persons saw Dr. Rice win the Brooklyn Handicap, the sport has measured up to the highest standard of the turf-goer, and the consistent good work of the Jockey Club has earned the endorsement of a large element of the respectable class. The turf was in a bad way when the year began. There was no controlling power. Race-goers had lost confidence in the administration of turf affairs. Blacklegs had gone unpunished. Men whose purpose it was to earn money at any cost were making their way to power. Men who had served terms in State-prison were book-makers. An ex-bank-robber and a successful green-goods man were in control of two powerful stables. A man who had served time in the Jefferson (Missouri) penitentiary was posing as an exemplar of turf morality. Men guilty of bribery were taking the reins of power. It was at such a crisis that James R. Keene and his son Foxhall, Dr. Gideon L. Knapp, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. J. O'Donner, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. James Galway, Mr. George Peabody Wetmore, Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. James G. K. Lawrence, and other gentlemen stepped in, and by boldly assuming power not only averted ruin, but by their later actions placed turf affairs on a basis so sound that should equally good judgment be exercised in matters remaining for adjustment, turf management in 1895 will successfully appeal for the support of all sport-loving people.

The organizers of the Jockey Club were criticised at the beginning, and continue to be by those that either think too little or have axes to grind. Those that know what has been done concede Messrs. Keene, Hunter, Knapp, Belmont, and their associates to have acted with rare good judgment in their largely successful efforts to raise the standard of racing. They have served as stewards at a personal sacrifice of time and a loss of engagements in the business world. They have spent many hours at night in impartial consideration of testimony respecting horse-owners and jockeys. They have carefully weighed the conditions existing both in the West and the East in matters pertaining to the turf. They have considered the interests of breeders and the necessities of that class of turfmen that race horses for a livelihood. They have attempted in all matters to be fair, and while there are many who disagree with the judgment of the Jockey Club in some things, the average opinion is that no body of men could have done better in so short a time. The turf has been distinctly raised in public estimation. It is on a higher plane than it has been for a dozen years. The Jockey Club officials have been untiring in their efforts to promote honest racing, and their rulings have shown that where proper proof is forth-coming the offenders are punished to the limit. The organization of the Jockey Club has had a distinct effect in making horses run truer. There has been very little in and out running this year. Horses whose form could not be depended upon last year for two consecutive days have this year run with marked consistency. The Jockey Club may not have caused any reformation in the horses, but it has in the owners. Turf-goers recognize this fact, and the markedly increased attendance at the big race-courses, despite hard times, is proof of their appreciation.

G. W. ORTON,
American Champion, '94.
Mile Run, 4.24 2-5.

There is only one serious criticism to be made of the Jockey Club. The governing-board should not license a race-track unless prepared to send stewards from the Jockey Club to supervise the races run over it. In reply Messrs. Hunter, Knapp, and Keene may urge that their time is fully occupied in supervising the racing on the big tracks, and that their business requires attention. All of which is very true, but in the membership of the Jockey Club there should be enough sportsmen to look after the minor tracks, and to note whether the rules of the club are strictly lived up to. I am well aware Messrs. Keene, Hunter, Knapp, and Belmont are already giving as much time from their business as can be spared; but there are others—Lorillard, Wetmore, Tracy, and their associates, for instance—who, if they cannot give their time and do their share of the work, should make way for those who can. If stewards cannot be assigned to look after races such as were held at Brighton Beach, or at Parkway, or at Providence, then no license should be issued to those tracks. The Jockey Club, in the interest of the sport of racing, should not license tracks it cannot supervise. Lack of proper supervision will open the doors to fraud, which, once entered, fortifies itself against attack. But there must be tracks like those at Providence and Brighton for the poorer classes of horses, and it looks as if the Jockey Club would be obliged to meet the issue by appointing professional stewards.

Racing in the East by electric light has not yet received the sanction of the Jockey Club, and I sincerely hope it never will. It is nothing more nor less than a huge scheme to give book-makers further opportunities of enrichment, and is frowned upon by all sportsmen and the better class of those who attend race meetings. The experiment of racing at night, however, has been moderately successful at Maspeth, and has determined certain turf-men to try electric-light racing on a large scale next year. How the Jockey Club will meet this issue we cannot say, but we earnestly appeal to its sportsmanship to persist in a refusal of license, and, if need be, to carry it up to State legislation. If there should be no restriction by legislation there will be racing by electric light at Brighton Beach next July and August, and there is good reason for stating that another track will be built near Coney Island to form a circuit with Brighton Beach, Aqueduct, and Maspeth. This will do immeasurable harm to the turf by making gambling the feature of racing, rather than the running of horses; it will envelop it in probably the most pernicious atmosphere that has yet obtained, and turn loose the vicious elements in horse-racing. Unless the Jockey Club can meet this question with an unbroken front and defy it, the good work done this year will count for naught.



"EMERALD," THE CHAMPION SCHOONER OF '94.

CHARLES KILPATRICK,
American Champion, '94.
Half-mile Run, 1.55 4-5.

STEPHEN CHASE,
American Champion, '94. High Hurdles, 15 3-5 s., World's Record.

The racing of 1894 has been far above the average except in the two-year-old division. Whether there is really a good two-year-old outside of Messrs. Gideon and Daly's filly Butterflies is a matter of doubt. Mr. Michael F. Dwyer's Harry Reed for a month past has outrun everything he met, and it begins to look as if he would prove his early spring form to have been the true one. Nevertheless, he has been beaten too often to make him a high-class colt. The big stables like those of Messrs. Pierre Lorillard, James R. and Foxhall Keene, Marcus Daly, J. A., A. H., and D. H. Morris, and Michael F. Dwyer have not shown a youngster of any exceptional quality. Eighteen hundred and ninety-four will be known as a bad year for the two-year-old division, while in the three-year-old class the racing has been positively brilliant. Dorian, Rubicon, Rey El Santa Anita, Hornpipe, Dobbins, Sir Knight, Patrician, and Declare in almost any other year would be looked upon as race-horses of real merit, but by the light of such equine champions as Domino and Henry of Navarre their work appears mediocre. Domino, owned by Mr. James R. Keene, and Henry of Navarre, owned by Mr. Byron McClelland, are the best three-year-old horses, in the judgment of many trainers, that ever stood on iron. Neither one of them sulks. Each will run until the last ounce of speed is gone. Both respond to whip and spur. They are ideally game race-horses. Domino has gone on his conquering way. So has Henry of Navarre. They have met all classes of horses, and defeated them. They have met each other twice. The first time Domino won in a terrific finish by a scant head. The second time these royal horses met they ran a dead heat. It is to be hoped they will meet again. Races such as they run arouse public enthusiasm, and do much to promote the best interests of the turf.

The handicap horses of the year have met the public desire. Many of the handicaps have been so closely contested that only heads separated the horses at the finish. Banquet and Sir Walter, Lamplighter and Yo Tambien, Ramapo and Dr. Rice, Rudolph and Clifford, have had their successes. The sprinters, too, have excelled all records by their work this year. Dr. Hasbrouck showed his quality. Lady Violet was at her best. Stonenell and Glenmoyne made records. Correction never showed greater speed. There has been no fault to find even with the selling platers, and there is no manner of doubt that the season of 1894 will be long remembered as a successful one, and that the work of the Jockey Club will be regarded as having had much to do with the brilliant record.

C. T. BUCHHOLZ,
American Champion, '94. Clearing the Pole in beautiful form at 11 feet.

The conclusion of the first cricket match between the Gentlemen of Philadelphia and Lord Hawke's eleven was an unfeigned disappointment to the supporters of American cricket. Despite the lead the Englishmen had secured on Saturday, the fact that the tail-enders of the British team were conceded to be indifferent bats, placed upon the eleven for their bowling, gave hope that the native players would dispose of the last two wickets in short order, and by good stick-work eventually bat out a victory.

Probably the most sanguine Englishman on the ground would scarcely have ventured to predict a lengthy stay at the wickets either for Mr. Bardswell or for Mr. Whitwell. Great was the surprise, therefore, when these two assisted the Oxford crack, G. B. Mordaunt, to raise the score from 179 to 235, which, added to the margin of 18, left the Philadelphians the formidable task of bettering 253.

Against this large total Philadelphia responded with an insignificant 122, leaving Lord Hawke the easiest of winners by 131 runs.

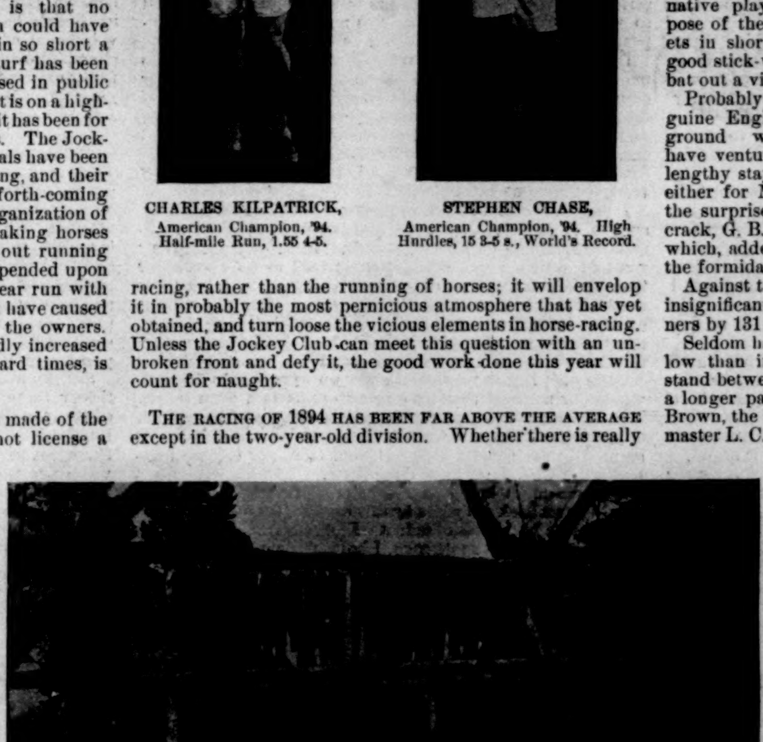
Seldom has Philadelphia shown up weaker with the willow than in this match. With the exception of a short stand between J. W. Muir and G. S. Patterson, and, later on, a longer partnership between the latter player and R. D. Brown, the batting betrayed an absolute lack of ability to master L. C. Bathurst's delivery, that would have been amusing had it not been so mortifying. And Philadelphia had been accounted strong at the bat!

The native players were literally at the mercy of the Oxford trundler, who mowed down their wickets with monotonous and painful regularity. One could scarcely recognize in the woe-begone-looking batsmen of Monday the whilom conquerors of the hardy Australians.

Bathurst is not a phenomenal bowler, though of course his work is exceedingly good, and needs careful treatment; and Wood and Bohlen, and Patterson, Brown, and Muir proved that he was not unplayable. The other members of the eleven thought otherwise; hence they allowed perfectly straight and plain balls to beat them in an unaccountable manner.

This is not the first time the Philadelphia players have demonstrated their inability to play an uphill game. Grant them a good start on a hard true wicket, and they bat, bowl, and field with the utmost confidence; but should a few disasters be encountered, or the ground prove treacherous, their skill seems to desert them.

The trickiness of the wicket can scarcely be urged as an excuse for the loss of the game. If either side had the disadvantage in this direction it was certainly the



THE RESULT OF GAME-PROTECTION IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.
One Day's Catch of Trout in the Yellowstone River.
From a Photograph by F. Jay Haynes.

Englishmen, for the wicket, bad as it was on Saturday and Monday, was in a better condition for run-getting than it had been at the start of the English first innings. This fact was attested by the larger score made by Lord Hawke's eleven on the concluding day of the match, when in spite of the better fielding of the Philadelphians, Mordaunt, Bardswell, and Whitwell put together a number of runs.

Had G. S. Patterson accepted Lord Hawke's chance on the first day the match might have assumed an entirely different phase, insomuch as it would have given the local team a comfortable lead on the first innings, thereby imparting the confidence which they appear to need for their best work.

Our representatives were wanting in slow bowlers, and the few they had were not utilized to any extent. Baily and King, both of whom proved expensive, were kept on entirely too long in the second innings, while Patterson and Muir, who were more successful, were not bowled enough.

Just why Wood was not given a trial with the ball I fail to understand, for that heady bowler is often successful in breaking a stand where trundlers of greater reputation fail.

G. S. Patterson's inning was easily the feature of Philadelphia's second innings. The Germantown batsman has never displayed greater patience nor more obstinate defence. R. D. Brown deserves a word of praise for his meritorious contribution, as does also J. W. Muir, who had the lonely honor of getting into double figures in both innings.

Although the fielding of the Philadelphians improved somewhat on Saturday and Monday, it was still far behind the capital exhibition given by the Englishmen.

ALMOST EVERY MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH eleven worked with a will to save runs, and their fielding was really a treat. They went after the ball as if they meant to get it, and threw it into the wicket with celerity. Bathurst's one-handed catch, by which he dismissed Patterson off his own bowling, was brilliant in the extreme. The phenomenal performance of the match, however, and one that brought a fine fielding record to a fitting termination, was the wonderful catch by Hillyard of Ralston's terrific drive to the long on, the fielder being compelled to jump back and take the ball in his right hand, striking his head as he did so against the dash-board of a coach, though still retaining the ball.

The best batting of the Englishmen's second innings, and probably the most brilliant of the match, was G. B. Mordaunt's finely compiled score of 62, which was not only a masterly exhibition of defence, but was notable for beautiful wrist play, his late cuts being especially pretty.

Of the English bowlers Bathurst easily won first honors, his eight wickets in the second innings being obtained for 44 runs. Special praise must also be given him for the manner in which he fielded hits from his own bowling.

The Englishmen won the match on their merits; they worked hard for victory from the outset, nor did they relax their efforts until the last American wicket was disposed of. They not only outbatted and outfielded, but I am almost tempted to say outclassed the Philadelphians in this match. I do not believe their bowling was superior to ours, for the deliveries of the native trundlers compelled the most cautious play on the part of the Englishmen, and if the fielding of our own players had been equal to theirs, the match would probably have resulted differently.

It was a pity that H. I. Brown and F. Altemus were unable to play. The latter would have proved very deadly on such a wicket, while the former's left-handers are at all times a welcome and effective change from the style of the other American trundlers.

IN A WRETCHED LIGHT FOR BATTING, and on a wicket that bumped badly at one end and was soft at the other—in fact, a bowler's wicket—the Philadelphian trundlers opened the second match *vs.* Lord Hawke's eleven with every prospect of disposing of them for a small total.

Nor did the light or the wicket improve as the day advanced; on the contrary, both grew worse, and in equal ratio the English batting became more careful and the American fielding more slovenly.

Never did the elements and the wicket combine more thoroughly against a batting team, and never did the Philadelphian bowlers fail so signally to take advantage of favoring conditions. From the very beginning the outlook for the home team was encouraging. Four good English wickets were down for 58 runs, and yet in the face of it the local fielding went to pieces after a stand by R. S. Lucas and Lord Hawke, on which they made 51 runs.

The bowling then weakened perceptibly, the English tail-enders apparently playing it without difficulty. That time-worn and transparent trick of bowling continually to the off to induce the visitors to give chances did not work on the Englishmen, who let such balls severely alone. How little break or devil there was in the attack may be gleaned from the statement that the only wicket cleanly bowled was Whitwell's at the close of the play, when the light of day had wellnigh gone out altogether.

Under ordinary circumstances 211 would not be a large score, but under the conditions it is notable, the more so because the rapid fall of the first four wickets might have been disastrous to less experienced players.

The last five wickets put on over one hundred runs, even the batsmen of slight reputation contributing their quota.

THE ENGLISHMEN PLAYED THOROUGHLY SCIENTIFIC cricket throughout, having evidently thought out their game in advance, and adapted themselves accordingly. They displayed extreme caution, but no lack of confidence. This is just where their style of batting differs from the accepted American method. Our men, with a possible exception of Patterson and Muir, must either play an aggressive game or be completely tied up, for when once compelled to act on the defensive they are utterly at sea.

If the Philadelphians had been placed in a similar position to the Englishmen, with four good wickets down for a small score, the team very likely would have collapsed.

With the exception of Captain Scott, J. W. Muir, H. I. Brown, and A. M. Wood, who had little to do, the Philadelphia fielding was wretched, the utter lack of judgment on catches, when they rarely moved for them until too late, being too poor even for junior cricket.

After the stand between Lucas and Hawke the Philadelphians acted as though the game was irretrievably lost, and to attempt to save it futile.

Even in the out-field, which has always been considered the American's particular province, the Gentlemen of Philadelphia were inferior to their opponents, and it remained for an English cricketer, Robinson, who was fielding in the place of Patterson ("retired hurt"), to show the natives how to take care of catches in the country.

Dr. J. A. Scott certainly set his men a good example in the field, making a brilliant catch of Hill's hard forward drive to silly point, and doing well whatever else he had to do, but even his example seemed powerless to stimulate the waning courage of his men.

Lord Hawke again demonstrated his nerve at a critical point, when, going in with the score at 58 for four wickets, he with Lucas added 51 before retired. Although not perfect, his inning was invaluable to his side, being partly the means of breaking down the faint-hearted attack, and thereby making the work of the subsequent batsmen comparatively easy.

Lucas appeared to far better advantage than hitherto, his innings of 46 being a combination of stiff defence and well-timed hitting. Mordaunt, too, batted well, although both he and Bathurst had some little luck in getting fluky hits just out of the fielder's reach. Bathurst has impressed me all along as a somewhat uncertain batsman during the first few overs, but dangerous when once set.

How evenly the Englishmen batted is shown by seven of them securing double figures. This would seem to indicate a lack of tail to the eleven, but may more justly, perhaps, be attributed to a weakened attack after the backbone of the bowling had been broken by long stands.

From a spectator's point of view, the English batting was painfully slow, the compilation of 211 runs occupying four hours and a half; single tallies formed a large percentage of the hits; only fourteen fours were recorded, indicating a degree of carefulness as rare as praiseworthy—a lesson our own players may study to advantage.

IT WOULD BE MORE MERCIFUL, perhaps, to say nothing of the Philadelphia batting, that was so miserable and so unaccountable. At the close of the first day the result of the match was scarcely in doubt, and it simply became a question of whether the local players would be compelled to follow their innings. They fell easy victims to the onslaught of Whitwell and Hillyard; the united effort of the eleven proved unable to arrest the disgrace of a follow on, although R. D. Brown, Wood, Clark, and Baily bravely attempted to put life into the game. In their second innings they were more, if possible, like lambs led to slaughter, Bathurst and Whitwell mowing them down at will; and the score at the close of the day's play being 64 for 9 wickets, of which Whitwell secured 5 for 26 runs, and Bathurst 4 for 22.

Both Whitwell and Hillyard bowled well in the first innings. Hill's grubs, which had bothered the Philadelphians considerably in the first match, were tried unsuccessfully in the second.

G. S. Patterson's pluck in going to the bat at the fall of the ninth wicket in the first innings is deserving of much praise. Although his injured right hand gave him only the left to use yet he managed to keep up his wicket for several overs, while Baily made the runs, until a foolish attempt to make a close run resulted in the dismissal of the team.

The loss of two successive matches is very mortifying, especially when we contrast the outcome of Lord Hawke's first visit, unsatisfactory though it was, with the present. Granted that Lord Hawke has a stronger eleven now than before, when he was dependent largely on the efforts of one bowler, S. M. J. Woods, still we had every reason to suppose our own play had advanced in the interim. It is therefore rather humiliating to discover that not only have we not advanced, but we have most emphatically retrograded.

After the large score of 259 made by Lord Hawke's team in the first innings of his initial match with a representative American team, the Gentlemen of Philadelphia succeeded in winning a brilliant victory by eight wickets, while even in the last match of that first tour Lord Hawke's eleven had some difficulty in obtaining the 95 runs necessary to win, losing six wickets in the effort.

The scores of the Philadelphia batsmen were large, showing almost throughout the team a mastery over the bowling that was very gratifying.

Contrasting the result of the first visit with the present, we find food for reflection. The match at Haverford, after a comparatively close contest in the first innings, resulted in ultimate defeat by 131 runs. The second match of the series, wherein the native players were confidently expected to make a far better showing, has now, instead, all the appearance of a one-innings defeat.

IN DISPASSIONATELY REVIEWING THE RESULT of the two matches as we go to press, it is impossible to reach any other conclusion than that American cricket has made little if any advance in the last three years; and the cause for this, and which has contributed to our defeat, is lack of local encouragement and interest by leading cricketers in local matches, which furnish, after all, the proper preparatory work for the successful termination of international contests.

I fear our Philadelphia cricketers have been somewhat spoiled by past successes, and had begun to consider themselves invincible on home grounds. Lack of condition or want of practice can scarcely be urged as an excuse for their defeat, as the men did a deal of systematic work to fit themselves for this international match. And yet with it all they have been completely outclassed in every department of the game by what is really the first first-class eleven that have come to America from England. The astonishing feature of it is that we should show up so poorly in fielding, where our national activity ought to put us on even terms. The Philadelphians were particularly sluggish in the field, appearing unable to anticipate the direction of the ball. It seemed to me I could pick out men from our college base-ball nines who could have done better.

The comment heard at Manheim, that American cricket would be set back ten years by this reverse, is but an exaggeration in the bitterness of defeat. Philadelphians are too sensible, and too good sportsmen, I hope, to be routed by a couple of defeats, bad as they are. A careful consideration of the causes that contributed thereto will suggest the remedy. Bad fielding can be improved, and patience at the bat can be cultivated with proper care.

The Philadelphia bowling would hold its own if properly supported in the field, but no bowler can be expected to succeed so long as his efforts are not backed up by the rest of the eleven. The principal foe to Philadelphia batting seems to be faint-heartedness, the disposition to throw up the sponge if everything is not going their way.

There never was a time, in my estimation, when a tour of England was as necessary for the Philadelphians as at present, and I trust it will not be given up on account of the poor showing made against Lord Hawke's eleven this year.

THE TRACK ATHLETIC SEASON came to an end last Saturday, September 29th, with an invasion of Canada *viâ* Montreal by the New York Athletic Club team, which, with but three exceptions, won every first on the Canadian championship programme. Despite that fact it was the most successful meeting, from a Canadian point of view, that has been held in Canada for the last five years. Seventeen medals were won by Dominion athletes, six of them in the quarter-mile run and pole vault, where they secured all the points, and showed some exceedingly promising material. McGarry of Toronto ran second to T. J. Lee's (N.Y.A.C.) 100 yards in 10 sec., and 220 yards in $21\frac{4}{5}$ sec.; Paris, Montreal, won the 440 in $50\frac{3}{5}$ sec.; Watson, Montreal, the pole vault, and a record of 11 feet; Gowan, Quebec, ran second to Orton's (N.Y.A.C.) two miles in $9.57\frac{1}{5}$; Gifford, Montreal, second to Kilpatrick's (N.Y.A.C.) half-mile in $1.58\frac{1}{5}$, and A. Smith, Montreal, was second to Gray's (N.Y.A.C.) 16-lb. shot put of 42 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. If Canada had been represented by all those at the meeting who rightfully belong to her, there would have been four more medals, three of them firsts, to remain at home. Both Gray and Orton are Canadians, the former in residence and making his living there, while the latter, though just at present taking a course at the University of Pennsylvania, has his family and residence across the border. In fact, take the foreigners, Gray, Mitchell, and Orton, out of the N.Y.A.C. team, and their eleven firsts are reduced to five native-born winners, and of these two only are New-Yorkers. Thus we see the working of the (to drop into dog-Latin) athletic *omnium gatherum.* It is a pity these crack athletes are not clannish enough to stand by their own localities and own people, for the better and wider development of general athletics, and on lines that are certainly more in keeping with the highest interpretation of amateur sport.

THE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Central Association, held at St. Louis, September 22d, brought out some very creditable performances, particularly considering athletics to have been so entirely below par in this section for a year. A hard rain had left a wet and heavy track. Henry Keep's $15\frac{4}{5}$ sec. in the high hurdles, lowering the Association record three-fifths of a second, C. H. Henneman's hammer throw of 123 ft. 8 in., raising the record three feet, and G. F. Powell's high jump of 5 ft. 11 in. against the wind, were the notable performances of the afternoon. J. V. Crum, of the Iowa University A.A., and winner of the sprints in the Western Inter-collegiate championship, had so easy a time in the 100 and 220 dashes that he came out afterwards and ran an exhibition hundred in $10\frac{3}{5}$ sec. against a strong wind. Smith, a former N.J.A.C. athlete, who has been bettering two minutes in the half, won that and the mile run about as he pleased. Two bicycle races for ladies were somewhat startling and truly St. Louis innovations.

The Pastime A.C. of St. Louis spared no pains to make the meeting a success, offering very handsome prizes. But the general athletic apathy is responsible for the exceedingly scarce attendance from the other clubs of the Association, none of which had more than six representatives present. St. Louis, therefore, had no trouble in securing the lion's share. Next to St. Louis, Detroit made the best showing, with Keep's and Smith's ten points each.

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS IN THE CENTRAL WEST are in rather a peculiar situation. Interest among the clubs generally has been steadily declining for the past two years, and has now, it seems, touched bed-rock, whereas the sport is as steadily gaining in favor and importance among the colleges. The success of the first actual Western championship meet, held at Chicago last June, and the formation of a Western Inter-collegiate Association, as well as of numerous other minor associations and leagues for athletics, attest the interest felt among the colleges. In the large cities, however, it is different. The Chicago A.A. is the only club which is very actively fostering the sport, and so far its scheme of Saturday afternoon meetings has not been very successful. In Cleveland and St. Louis some little interest is manifest, but in Detroit almost nothing is being done. This city was once the Mecca of track and field athletics in the West, yet last year the nearest approach to a field meet was a few events in connection with a baseball game, and probably not even that much will be done this year. The championship meeting of the Central Association of the A.A.U., held in St. Louis recently, failed to attract many entries from beyond that vicinity. That the "hard times" have affected clubs is true, yet the situation was not much better last year.

The causes of this decline of interest are various. Strifes between the clubs have had something, at least, to do with it. Much, however, may be charged to the improper development of the sport. Everything was sacrificed to the champion-making craze, and a healthful interest in the sport for its own sake was not fostered. The result was inevitable. As soon as Detroit, for instance, no longer had an Owen or a Jewett on the path, and no one appeared at once to take their places, interest died out. Had the sport been properly established, it would have survived without a champion. That club is doing greatest good which stimulates most general active participation in athletic exercises, not that which can boast of the largest number of champions.

However, in the West, as elsewhere, love of out-door sport is too strongly implanted in Young America to permit track and field athletics to lie dormant, hence the colleges are taking hold of this branch and are building up the wholesome, trustworthy sentiment in favor of them that the clubs failed to encourage. This spirit among the colleges cannot fail of reaction on the clubs, and the prospects are favorable for a permanent, if less brilliant, régime of athletics in the West.

SEEING IS BELIEVING, so the old saw goes, and on that theory, therefore, we publish a photograph of a day's catch of trout in the Yellowstone River, furnishing an undeniable illustration of the great work being done by the Fisheries Commission in stocking the streams of this country. Five years ago there were scarcely any fish in the Yellowstone River, but judicious planting and a closed season lasting four years have been the means of giving a plentiful supply, not only in that river, but in every stream in the National Park. The day's catch instanced averaged from one and a half to four pounds, and was landed by three sportsmen, Thomas J. Conroy, H. W. Childs, and F. J. Haynes. The general protection of game in the Park is being carried forward with most gratifying results under the superintendency of Captain Anderson, and poaching is now so rare as to scarcely warrant naming. Especially is this so now that there is a law which may be enforced against transgressors.

IN SETTING UP AND TRANSCRIBING a paragraph that was being cut to fit in "Riding to Hounds in England," which appeared in the September number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, I was made to say substantially that it cost \$10,500 per week to maintain a first-class pack of hounds in England. No one interested in the subject could have been misled by so manifest an error; the article having been written for this class, no editorial notice was taken of the matter. Reference to it, however, in the society columns of a Sunday paper argues that there are those who have taken it literally. To say a pack costs so many dollars a day means, as is well known by hunting-men, per day for a season; *i.e.*, if the pack costs \$3500 a day, and hunts three days a week, it would take \$10,500 to maintain it one season. The paragraph as originally written read \$10,500 per year, and not per week. To assume that I would write down a first-class English pack as costing \$10,500 a week, \$42,000 a month, \$210,000 a season, is too absurd for serious consideration.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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"THE BAUBLE SHOP."

(Continued from page 955.)

count to whom she could have been espoused, to her own and to his happiness, if Mr. Jones had chosen to have it so.

As Clivebrooke, Mr. Drew attains to heights that are a surprise even to his admirers, though his critics can find much in his heroics upon which to touch. In the first act he has not much to tax his powers. He has merely to behave like a gentleman in the face of great provocation at the hands of Stoach to do otherwise. This Mr. Drew always knew how to do, because to be a gentleman is one of his natural characteristics. In the second act the best that can be said of him is that he is not bad; and that is saying much, after all, for a less clever man would have turned the tragedy of the situation into farce. Several times Mr. Drew came near doing so, but he gracefully eluded the pitfall. Nevertheless, it was a relief when the curtain fell. In the fourth act smiles were sometimes observable among the audience, who should rather have wept, notably when the discomfited leader stalks out of the room like an automaton to meet his rival on the floor of the House, and five minutes later staggers back defeated and humiliated, and throws himself into a chair with a derangement of his hair and cast of countenance which have always before been used by him to convulse his audience with laughter. Mr. Drew is too good an actor to stoop to cheap devices which others less talented might be excused for adopting. The climax of the third act needs revision at the hands of the star.

Miss Adams as Jessie Keber was very attractive—so attractive that one almost hoped to find in the grand finale that she was the daughter of some noble being so high in rank that the tongue of scandal would fall paralyzed before her, instead of being merely the child of an unpleasant inebriate who loses his mind whenever by retaining possession of it he might save his daughter from ruin.

Mr. Dodson as the inebriate parent was all that is desirable in the line of stage dipsomaniacs. His fingers twitched admirably; his voice was that of one who too frequently looks upon the cup that is not content with merely cheering. Even to the little detail of having a handkerchief hanging out of his coat-tail pocket, without which no dramatic drunkard is complete, Mr. Dodson filled the requirements of the situation most acceptably.

The rest of the caste was effective, and of Miss De Wolfe it must be said that she gave a pleasing presentation of a simple rôle, not by any means the easiest thing for an actor to do. She has a great deal to learn, of course, but so have all other actors, who have not gone into a decline, for that matter, and altogether she is to be felicitated upon a successful bit of work.

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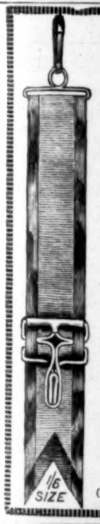

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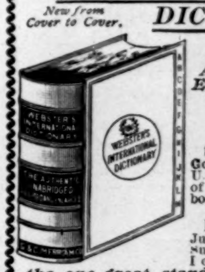

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